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LITERATURE.

St. Petersburg and London in the Years 1852-1864. Reminiscences of Count Charles Frederick Vitzthum von Eckstaedt, late Saxon Minister at the Court of St. James's. Edited, with a preface, by Henry Reeve. Translated by Edward Fairfax Taylor. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

THE period which these volumes illustrate is, from a diplomatic point of view, the most interesting in her Majesty's long reign. Many publications have thrown light upon those annals; but none of the series, which includes the *Life of the Prince Consort* and the *Memoirs of Baron Stockmar*, are more attractive and instructive than these reminiscences of the late Saxon minister, who, because he held that position, and because of his excellent judgment in affairs of state, enjoyed confidential relations with the Prince Consort, who was then in reality the most powerful personage in this country. The peculiar value of these volumes lies in the fact that the writer thoroughly appreciated the loyalty and devotion to the leadership of Germany by Prussia which was the governing idea of Prince Albert's career. Everyone who desires a better understanding of the period from the occurrence of the movement which led to the Crimean War to the commencement of the Prussian war with Austria should read this work, never forgetting that it is a German who writes, and that German ideas then held strong sway at the English court.

The first volume is by far the more interesting. Vitzthum displays now and then traces of antipathy to Frenchmen. He would scarcely have believed had it been told of a German that the French minister, riding beside the Emperor Nicholas, bluntly inquired, as they passed the palace in which Paul I. was murdered: "N'est ce pas là, Sire, que votre père a été assassiné?" The meteor of this period was Napoleon III.; and much trouble was caused by the Austrian proposal to recognise him as a sovereign, but to refuse him the title of brother. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia thought better of it, but neglected to inform the Russian government of their change of view; and so the Czar gave mortal offence to the new ruler of France by addressing him as "mon grand ami," just as if he were president of a republic and not one of the fraternity of monarchs. Although by no means a brilliant writer, Vitzthum is a close observer, and his references to the Czar Nicholas are of much interest. The emperor was uneasy, ambitious, and self-deceived. He said to Vitzthum:

"Je suis soldat. C'est mon métier à moi. L'autre métier que la Providence m'a imposé, je le fais parcequ'il faut bien le faire, et qu'il n'y a personne pour m'en délivrer. Mais ce n'est pas mon métier."

The Czar, a vigorous martinet, confessed with apparent reference to his son and successor, the murdered Alexander II., the peacemaker at Sebastopol, that he knew of an heir to a great empire whom he would not trust with a company of soldiers. Vitzthum appears not to doubt that Nicholas was insane upon the Turkish question; yet, when the Czar put to Metternich the question, "What do you think of the Turk? Is he not a sick man?" and the prince gave the adroit answer, "Is it to the doctor or to the heir that your majesty addresses that question?" the Czar had the sense not to reply, and never to speak to the Austrian chancellor again about the "sick man." The first news of the Czar's serious preparation for war escaped through his incautious conversation with the Czarina in presence of her ladies, one of whom communicated with Vitzthum before Sir Hamilton Seymour knew what was going on; and, when Nicholas commanded Orloff to tell him who had betrayed his military plans, the prince replied that the traitor was the Emperor of all the Russias, who forgot that the ladies of the court had not only two ears, but also relatives in the army. The Saxon was charmed with the noble figure of Nicholas, the last Czar of old Russia, of whom he narrates this characteristic incident:

"Thousands were shouting loudly in the St. Isaac's Square, accusing the government of having poisoned the wells; he had then dropped his cloak, and commanded, with a wave of his hand, the multitude to cast themselves upon their knees. Not a man dared to remain standing. Then the emperor exclaimed, with a voice of thunder, 'Now pray to God to forgive you and to take the plague from us.' 'Long live our lord and father!' was the answer of the rebellious multitude, and the insurrection was quelled."

When Vitzthum passed from St. Petersburg to represent the interests of Saxony at London, he found himself in a capital which, he says, "is not so much a city as a world." "London," said Baron Brunnow, "makes one modest." Vitzthum regarded Napoleon III. as "the accomplice" of Lord Palmerston in driving Lord Aberdeen into the Crimean War. "Napoleon and Palmerston did a good business together, though, it is true, at the cost of both countries, who had to sacrifice in vain thousands of brave soldiers and many millions of money." Mr. Bright will surely, some of these days, quote Vitzthum, who regards the Russian war as quixotic in its beginning, wasteful in its continuance, blundering in its diplomacy, and unjust in its conclusion. On the night before the declaration Vitzthum danced a quadrille with Queen Victoria, who told him "she would be compelled the next morning, to her great regret, to declare war against Russia." As to the conduct of that campaign, what would Moltke say to Lord Cardigan's reply to Vitzthum's sympathising question as to the rigours of the campaign? "I had sent home for my yacht, and she is very comfortable; only it is tedious having to ride night and morning several miles along the bad roads. But I had my hunters with me, and they stick at nothing." It seems doubtful if our success at Inkerman was not partly due to the Czar having told the plan of attack to Count Münster, whose dispatch to Berlin was, Vitzthum alleges, obtained for the British Embassy by bribery and telegraphed from London to Lord Raglan. Vitzthum often, as we have already noticed, shows animus against the French, "the vain nation," of whom he says, that they felt contempt for Louis Phillippe's love of peace. He adopts, and uses more than once, Persigny's axiom, "That no French Government could hold out against the hostility of the English press and Stock Exchange," and fully endorses Prince Albert's opinion of Palmerston: "I cannot respect that man, for he always prefers his own interests to those of the nation." He shows good sense in thinking that the disavowal of Lord John Russell's proceedings at Vienna was an error; and records Lord Clarendon's saying of Napoleon: "Not one of us can resist him when he tries to persuade us face to face in his own room." Prince Albert told Vitzthum that Napoleon hated him because he, the prince, "spoiled his game at Osborne." The two were, indeed, at cross-purposes; for while Napoleon's programme included the acquisition of Savoy, Nice, and the Rhine frontier, with perhaps the addition of Belgium, the Prince Consort looked with a warm German heart to the rising star of Prussia. Vitzthum narrates the refusal by Lord Clarendon of a marquisate, and adds, as an item of interest, that Lady Ely, who was present at the birth of the Prince Imperial, assured him that "despite the malicious reports then current in Paris, all that happened was perfectly regular." Some of the conversations with Vitzthum will become historical. Take two examples—that of Metternich as to Napoleon: "He forgets that a man cannot be emperor by the grace of God and by the national will at one and the same time. That is a *contradictio in adjecto*. This Bonaparte has built nothing that will last." And then Napoleon's saying of himself and England—"L'alliance, c'est moi!" Prince Albert predicted that "eventually he will not be able to live without the halo of a campaign on the Rhine," and showed the ruling idea of his life in the remark to Vitzthum—"There is only *one* means of safety for Germany, to hand over the conduct of military and diplomatic affairs to Prussia."

Vitzthum possessed much of Disraeli's confidence, who had a high opinion of his knowledge of foreign affairs. To him, upon the outbreak of the American war in 1861, Disraeli said: "Considering the probable loss to British trade, we cannot, of course, proclaim openly the satisfaction we naturally feel at the collapse of republican institutions." Many pages of the second volume are filled with summaries of English events, which have no particular merit, not always that of accuracy. What would Lancashire say to the statement that Lord Derby averted "the threatened danger" of the cotton famine by "his talent for organising" and "the money which he expended with such profusion." That was just the sort of worthless opinion a foreigner in London would form from the weekly reports of the Relief Committee over which Lord Derby presided. Disraeli mourned with eloquent words the loss of the Prince Consort in the House of Commons, but he did not venture to tell the

Commons as he told Vitzthum: "We have buried our sovereign. . . . If he had outlived some of our 'old stagers,' he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government." Was it by holding one language to Parliament and another to the court, that Lord Beaconsfield obtained royal favour?

The latter half of the second volume is mainly occupied with the Schleswig-Holstein question, as to which, perhaps, Vitzthum was more completely acquainted than any English statesman. Those who desire to comprehend the mysteries of that complicated matter cannot do better than read the stiffest part of Vitzthum's reminiscences. The work of the translator has throughout been creditably performed. The German foundation is scarcely perceptible, but we have no clue to the meaning of the epithet "makebate," which the translator makes Vitzthum apply to Lord John Russell. The two Saxons — Beust and Vitzthum—who have resided in London acquired a greater reputation for acute observation than any other German diplomatists who have been accredited to our court. Disraeli said of Vitzthum, "If I want to know something about Austria and Germany, I do not ask the Austrian Ambassador or the Prussian, but the Saxon Minister"; and the perusal of these reminiscences enables us to confirm without any hesitation the editor's assertion that "those who like to look behind the curtain of our parliamentary struggles and diplomatic transactions will find in these volumes facts not to be gathered either from newspapers or from blue books."

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Memoir of William Henry Channing. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. (Sonnenschein.)

THE subject of Mr. Frothingham's present memoir was born at Boston on May 25, 1810, and he died in London on December 23, 1884. He was the nephew of the famous friend of liberty and Unitarian preacher, Dr. William Ellery Channing. His father, Francis Dana Channing, was reputed to have been the ablest member of what was certainly a remarkable family; but he died early, the promise unfulfilled. William Henry, who was his only son, had, in Mr. Frothingham's opinion, "the elements of genius" in greater profusion than even Dr. Channing himself. He had "all the fire, all the impulse, all the sensibility, all the devotion to humanity, all the soaring aspiration" of his uncle; but he was bolder, possibly to a fault. He lived in an age of enquiry and experiment, when the old order was manifestly changing and giving place to new, and often grotesque, forms. Himself a devoutly religious man, he yet was tied by no traditions. The past had no value to him in the way of authority. He looked *forward* for the golden age, and, in his excess of hope and expectation, too often mistook some merely temporary erection for the walls of the New Jerusalem.

Notwithstanding this, in all he undertook he was pre-eminently sane. If he was misled at all, it was not because he was a dreamer of dreams, but it was through his infinite faith in virtue. He may, from time to time, have idealised some utterly prosaic men and things, but he never fell into the error of mistaking the false for the true. He was a scholar. He was also a man of clear discernment; always open to consider new aspects of truth, or alleged truth, but not open to accept them until they had been subjected to some amount of critical examination. Spiritualism, in its table-turning phase, engaged his serious attention at one time; but, though "he had long been a spiritualist, that is, a believer in special influences from the unseen world," he arrived at this conclusion:

> "The more I have observed and thought, the stronger has become my persuasion that the whole series of phenomena which now are awakening so much surprise reveal the degeneracy rather than the progress, the disease rather than the health, the disorder rather than the elevation of our race. And my impression is that the nervous derangement of which the subjects of magnetic influence are the victims produces a special class of temptations which should be more carefully shunned than any others—temptations to spiritual presumption, to self-exaltation, to neglect of actual duties in common life, to engrossing imaginations, to power over other minds, and to a desire to shape events, not according to God's will, but to self-will, and so to become a providence and a fulfiller of prophesies."

This passage points to Mr. Channing's own spiritual attitude as a willing receiver of divine guidance and a willing instrument for the fulfilment of the divine purpose.

Mr. Channing was essentially a man of action; not, perhaps, a practical man—certainly not a "practical" man in the sense that men of the world use the word. But he was a lover of his fellow men, and his love always took form in service. He had a conviction that the kingdom of God could and, if men co-operated for its advancement, soon would be begun on earth; and he felt that he himself, among others, was called to hasten its realisation. Between 1840 and 1850 the atmosphere in America was full of schemes for the regeneration of mankind. Communistic doctrines of every kind and degree were promulgated there. Fourierism was especially popular, and the number of "phalanxes" started was equalled only by the number of failures which followed. Mr. Channing was profoundly interested in these movements, seeing in them, as he supposed, the beginning of the desired end. He was an energetic member of the Brook Farm Association, that noble enterprise in which George Ripley lost his little fortune and in which other earnest men and women, still more unhappily, lost their hope and faith in humanity and progress. It began as a simple effort at plain living and high thinking; but it was managed by persons of no business aptitude or experience. After a time it was transformed into a community of Fourier's type, and then, more even than before, Mr. Channing's sympathy was with it. Doubtless its failure caused him keen disappointment; but he was not the man to despair. He did not think the kingdom of God was lost because one effort to reach it had failed. He was soon as busy as ever again with new schemes. In 1847 he founded, or was chiefly instrumental in founding, a "Religious Union of Associationists" at Boston. It was composed of persons holding diverse theological views who were in agreement on certain subjects connected with the social regeneration of mankind. Their first article of faith was "that it is the will of God by the ministry of man to introduce upon this planet an era of universal Unity." Mr. Channing held the office of teacher, and was the guiding and sustaining spirit of the movement. It lasted three years and a half in an apparently healthy condition, and then, with some suddenness, while he was absent on a brief holiday, collapsed. Many other movements in the like direction he either actively engaged in or at least passively sympathised with. He called himself a Socialist; but he would scarcely have found himself in harmony with the so-called Socialists to-day. The essence of *his* Socialism was loving helpfulness. He was an earnest friend of the oppressed; but, so far from being a hater or denouncer of oppressors, he felt greater pity for them, because they were in his eyes the greater sinners.

Mr. Channing came by and by to realise that the kingdom of God "cometh not with observation." Probably he never ceased to hope that the spirit of brotherhood would one day so prevail on earth that his highest dream would become an actual truth; but his love of organisations for such an end declined, and he relied more and more on teaching and personal influence. In his own heart he did actually realise his dream. For him, at least, the "heavenly life" he so often spoke of had begun already; and the passage through death which in the fulness of years he was called to make had not only no terrors, but seemed to him a simple and in no way startling or wonderful event.

Mr. Channing was a man of infinite hope. He did not merely believe that every cloud has its silver lining, but, as he saw them, the clouds were nothing but silver. He lived in perpetual sunshine. He had his occasions for disappointment like other men—more, perhaps, than most other men, for he was often misunderstood and very seldom fully appreciated. But even rebuff and insult presented themselves to his mind only as methods of divine rebuke and guidance. Deeply as he felt for his fellow men and women in their suffering and degradation, he was not one to manifest his sorrow in tears, but only in cheery helpfulness.

Such a man as this was not likely to be bound down by any sect or creed. He was universally related. He saw the agreements, not the differences, between his neighbours and himself. He could adopt his neighbours' forms and find the spirit of religion there a well as in his own. In early life he visited Rome, and was for a time strongly drawn toward the Catholic Church. Its professed universality attracted him. When he found, as he did soon, that it was not really a Catholic Church, but only a Roman Catholic Church, the fascination ceased; but it remained to him always as part of the universal Church, and Cardinal Manning was his lifelong friend. "Names and parties," as his biographer says, "were nothing to him. Romanists, Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians were all alike in his regard, so they were fervent enough."

Mr. Channing was no ascetic. He loved the world and the things of the world with reasonable love; indeed, how could he do

otherwise when he regarded them, and all things else, as divine appointments? He belonged, rather, to the order of saints. His perfect purity of mind and heart made his simple presence a benediction. When he died Whittier wrote, "the world seems poorer, lacking his benign and beautiful presence"; and the excellence of this phrase will be understood even by those who, like myself, have only seen him on public occasions, and were never privileged to speak with him. His perception of the right was keen; and, with him, to perceive it was to do it. He was more than heroic, for he seems to have been incapable of fear. As soon as he saw a duty to be done it does not appear to have ever entered his mind that there was any alternative to doing it. When he was a schoolboy

"the master, having occasion to leave the room, gave the boys to the charge of young W. T——, a lad of Channing's age, and his intimate friend. T—— was told to keep order and report any cases of unruly behaviour. This he did, thereby insuring the enmity of those who were named as well as of all who sympathised with them. It was determined to make T—— suffer. His schoolmates formed two lines outside the door, determined to force him to 'run the gauntlet.' Channing saw what was going on, and said to his friend 'Take my arm.' Together they walked down the avenue of menacing youths, Channing looking them firmly in the eye, as knowing their plan and proud to defeat it."

A parallel instance of this "knightly heroism" occurred at Washington many years later. When on the day the proclamation of emancipation was issued

"he saw a crowd gathered about a black man. It was a fugitive whom a body of troops were about to arrest and lead away. Channing perceiving at a glance the situation, offered his arm, and walked away with the man as if he had a perfect right, amid the derisive jeers of the mob and the astonished looks of the soldiers."

Instances might easily be multiplied, but it seems unbecoming to give mere instances when his courage was invariable.

"He was afraid of nothing," writes Mr. Frothingham. "Poverty, loneliness, obloquy, disappointment, were but names in his ears. He could face dissenting crowds; he could rebuke friends. Danger and even death were shadows. To do what he believed to be right was his sole aim, cost what it might."

It only remains to be said that Mr. Frothingham has well understood the delicate spiritual nature of his friend, and has performed his task with admirable taste and skill. WALTER LEWIN.

"The Story of the Nations."—*Alexander's Empire.* By J. P. Mahaffy. (Fisher Unwin.)

"THE empire of Alexander, founded by a single genius, broken up by ambitious generals, held together in spirit and in culture by unity of language, of interests, and of commerce, sank into dependence upon Rome, and ceases to have any other than a spiritual history."

Such is the story which Prof. Mahaffy has undertaken to tell, and which he has told with marked success. The tale is singularly complicated. It is not the story of a nation; and therefore the unity which it has is artificial, created by conquest, and kept up by Greek or rather Hellenistic culture. The frequent recurrence, too, of the same names for men and women and cities makes it harder to disentangle the course of events. But Prof. Mahaffy has tried his best with index and special lists and chronological tables to keep distinct the owners of the same name, and to bring home to the reader the parallel sets of dates which have to be remembered for the different kingdoms of the Diadochi.

Thanks to the trouble which he has taken, the account reads as easily as a novel. We follow the great Alexander through battles and conquests made plain to us by maps and plans. We assist at the terror and confusion which followed his premature death; and then we see the empire divided among Macedonian satraps, who, when the ambition of some of them has extinguished the royal house of Macedon, take to themselves the title of kings. There were many causes at work which now made the title sound legitimate and often welcome to Greek ears. A monarch who came by his throne as successor-in-part of Alexander was no vulgar upstart τύραννος. He offended the jealousy of no fellow-citizen. He could not oppress his whole realm as Apollodorus of Cassandria oppressed his wretched little town; and the rich welcomed his protection against the exactions of the poor. But the new kings could not be satisfied with their shares of the mighty whole. War succeeded war. The monarchy of Thrace is partitioned, and disappears. The other kingdoms gain and give ground with strange oscillations, and presently a new kingdom arises in Asia Minor to balance Macedon and Syria. This was the kingdom of Pergamum, on which Prof. Mahaffy, like many another historian, looks back with some regret. Inoffensive and unencroaching, famous now for services to art, for "the amiable character of the royal house," and for the orderly peacefulness of its comfortable homes, this state has yet another claim to remembrance—the part it played in checking the barbarians who had broken before their time into the Greek world. Pergamum in Asia and Macedon in Europe had to carry on wearing struggles with Celts or Galatae, Thracians and Illyrians. Nor are the federations—a feature as new to the Greek world as kingship—omitted in the survey. The Achaean League helped to keep order in the Peloponnese. The Aetolian League of banditti destroyed order and stole property wherever opportunity could be found. Rhodes, with its island-federation, forwarded commerce, suppressed piracy, and helped to preserve a balance of power against Syria or Macedon.

Presently the Romans encroach upon the Greek peninsula. Coming as a friend, staying as a conqueror, with objects not clear to us, but with means certainly unscrupulous, Rome weakens Macedon on one hand and the Achaean League on the other. Then she brings Egypt under her tutelage, and overthrows Syria in one battle. Yet years and generations pass before all the fragments of Alexander's empire are brought directly under Roman government. Roman pre-eminence came swiftly and lasted long. Rome was in no hurry to transform it into empire. But, wherever full dominion did come, Rome found herself bound to carry on the two tasks which the Hellenistic world had received from the royal house of Macedon, and now passed on to her—the diffusion of culture and the defence of the frontiers of the cultivated world.

It would be ungrateful not to mention how good are the representations of coins with which Prof. Mahaffy illustrates all this eventful history. FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

Cowley's Prose Works. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE fact that Cowley's prose attracts sufficient attention to receive a place in an educational series is one of some interest and presumably also of some promise. It is indeed a scandal that boys should still be taught laboriously to produce the cracked clink of feeble Latin hexameters while they remain uninstructed in the literature of their own tongue, that literature furnishing precisely the means by which the very highest ends in education may be reached; and when one thinks of the stark inefficiency of our English secondary education, one rejoices to see any effort, however mildly tentative, that may impart to it a greater elasticity and range of movement. We require to have that secondary system totally metamorphosed; but meanwhile we must be glad to find English literature being seriously considered at all.

It is something—from one point of view, a great deal—to have Cowley's prose brought thus distinctly into notice. We want to have good working editions of all our prose and verse that is suitable for educational purposes, especially of such works as are not merely of personal and circumscribed interest, but contain also the substance of literary history and the capability of being made pivots of historical teaching. Such a work in the highest sense is Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, and so, in a humbler degree, is the volume of essays before us. It is the work of one sufficiently important in himself, the most precocious of poets, the most striking of intellectual acrobats in verse, and the head, though not the founder, of a school. The book also is of intrinsic importance. When Cowley laid aside those fantastic singing-robes of his in which he contrived verse that is nowadays not only unread but unreadable, when he dropped his fantastic professional macaronics and spoke rational prose, his genuine cleverness found natural course in a style conspicuous for its ease and purity. There are not infrequent lapses into the lumbering mode of his predecessors; but sometimes it runs along with the facile ripple, and is brilliant with the light sparkle of a clever conversation. We require to go down as far as Addison before we can parallel this facility; and when we add Cowley's semi-negligent grace and light instinctive wit, we must even wait until we reach Goldsmith's *Bee* before we find something quite similar. Again, these essays have a literary-historical significance, in that they represent English prose style in its formation—*i.e.*, in its process of perfection into an artistic vehicle. There is a whole diameter of difference between the prose of the seventeenth and that of the eighteenth century; and to trace that development, to explain the growth of that style which is

present in Addison and absent from Taylor—if not to indicate the causes that contributed to effect the change, at least to illustrate the various stages of its progress—that is the business of one who takes in hand the literary history of the period.

Dr. Lumby does not seem to regard his book as in any sense a contribution to literary history. We have an introduction of some length, and notes to the extent of sixty pages; but nowhere have we any evidence that Dr. Lumby has even divined the existence of anything noteworthy in Cowley's prose, unless it be here and there a vocable. He tells us who Sir Philip Sidney was, and Ben Jonson, and Menelaus and Agamemnon and Aristotle. He has countless notes upon all the persons mentioned in the text from Guy Fawkes to Beelzebub. He records that Horace had a Sabine farm, that Thermopylae was the scene of a famous battle, that Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He quotes Columella to the extent of six lines at a time, and gives on the average about ten learned references per page without quotation. But to awaken either the personal or the historical interest in Cowley and in his essays, I can find no intelligent attempt from beginning to end of this arid and promiscuous farrago—a commentary of which there is not a page that does not contain something that is tedious or ill-judged, or out of place, or absurd. Witness p. 227:

"*Tyrian beds.* The luxury of Tyre and especially the splendour of the robes and furniture of Tyrians, are well known. *Cf. Tyrii amictus*, Ovid, *A.A.* ii. 297. *Tyrio murice saturata palla*, Ovid, *Met.* ii. 166. *Tyria purpura*, Cicero, *Contra Verrem*, v. 56. Also Tertullian, *De Habitu Mulieb.* chap. i."

And desiccating pedantry of this kind passes for scholarship, and in the name of scholarship boys are to be made feed upon such dust!

What do we mean by scholarship? and what is implied in a scholarly acquaintance with an author or a book? It implies a knowledge (1) of the text, and (2) of the matter; and, passing beyond these, a knowledge (1) of the man, and (2) of his age. It implies nothing more, and differs from ordinary information chiefly in point of accuracy. But this information must have that concreteness and solidity within itself, without which information is no better than shot-rubbish. That is scholarship in the true sense. It brings us nearer to the man and his work. It lets us see the fibre of the age and feel its throb. And such scholarship is not merely the true and valuable, it is also the most interesting. It would be a simple affair for a good teacher to make Cowley's essays one of the most interesting and instructive of textbooks—to make acquaintance with this single work a centre of acquaintance with the entire literary movement of the latter half of the seventeenth century, the movement, both in point of matter and in point of form, the scientific and philosophic movement proceeding from the later development of the Baconian Inductive, and so clarifying thought and so again clarifying style, and the new attention to form in prose as well as in verse, passing on through Dryden and Temple to Addison and the next century. And if easy for a good teacher, why difficult for a good editor? Why should an editor go irrelevantly drumming with the dried bones of Columella when his author stills waits to be presented, and ignore the substantial interest of his subject for an incoherent jumble of gunpowder and lacteal veins?

There is a certain promise in the air that English literature will assume its position as an educational subject of firstrate importance. The danger we have to encounter on the way is not so much from sciolism as from waste pedantry. JOHN G. DOW.

Ancient Legends of Ireland. By Lady Wilde. (Ward & Downey.)

THIS is a very strange book—an interesting book undoubtedly, but a book the interest of which is greatly lessened by the circumstance that the writer gives no authority whatever for any of the statements she makes, nor any historical account of the legends she has brought together. She tells us, indeed, that the legends now collected were obtained chiefly from oral communications made either in Irish or in Irish-English by the peasantry themselves; and, further, that the narratives were taken down by competent persons. However willing one may be to believe the truth of these assertions, one yet would like to know something more definite. Who were these competent persons? At what period were the legends taken down and collected? Above all, where were they found and gathered together? Were they found in the North of Ireland among the wild hills of Donegal, or on the bleak shores of Lough Neagh, where the Irish and Scotch races are closely blended and mingled? Were they told by the Southern peasantry—men and women of less mixed race, dwelling near the Killarney lakes, or near the stormy steeps of Glengariff? Were they found in Leinster among the Wicklow hills, or the lonely bogs of Westmeath, where the English race is now predominant? Lady Wilde has omitted to give us any information on these points, and by this omission she has deprived her book of the great value it might have had for scholars or students of Irish history. The book is interesting, and some of the stories told are charming; but the pleasure I have felt in reading them is of the same kind that one experiences in reading any pleasant book of fairy tales about whose origin and history one knows nothing.

I have a confession to make with regard to the opening sentence of Lady Wilde's preface—that though I have read it several times over, with great attention, I have failed to grasp its meaning. "The three great sources of knowledge," Lady Wilde writes, "respecting the shrouded part of humanity, are the language, the mythology, and the ancient monuments of a country." I felt puzzled when first I read this sentence, and I am puzzled still. What does "the shrouded part of humanity" mean? Does it refer to physical qualities, or to mental qualities? Can it mean little-known obscure nationalities? Is it a euphemistic term for the Irish race? I must own that I am quite in the dark as to the real meaning of this sentence.

In her Introduction, Lady Wilde evolves somewhat novel and original theories with regard to comparative philology and ethnography. There was a period, she tells us, when the whole human family was of one creed and one language. From the "beautiful Eden-land of the Persian Gulf" went forth the first emigrants. They travelled along the lines of the great rivers, by the Euphrates, and the Tigris, and the Nile; and there the first mighty cities of the world were built. From Persia, Assyria, and Egypt went forth the wandering tribes to people the world. The source of all life, creed, and culture now on earth is to be found in Iran or Persia, and in the ancient legends and languages of the great Iranian people. The waves of human life kept rolling westward; they surged over all the lands and islands of the great sea; and, seeking new homes, they passed through the pillars of Hercules out into the Western Ocean, along the shores of Spain and France. From Spain the early mariners reached Ireland, the verdant island of the West. The changes and chances of 3,000 years have swept over the people, the legends, and the language. Still, it is in Ireland that the nature and origin of the primitive races of Europe should be studied, because the Irish were the last people to break with the past, to separate from the primaeval stock; because they form, as it were, "a sediment, which still retains its peculiar affinity with the parent land." Thus far Lady Wilde. Certainly, all this is passing strange. Have not all we students of race and language learned and seen that so far there is no evidence of there ever having been in any part of the world one family, one creed, one language? When was it that Persians, Assyrians, and Egyptians dwelt together in "the beautiful Eden land at the head of the Persian Gulf?" Where did those branches of the primal Iranian stock get the ships in which they sailed down the Mediterranean Sea, and through the pillars of Hercules to the western shores of Spain, and northward to the island of Erin? Has Lady Wilde been attracted and misled by the resemblance of sound between the names of Erin and Iran—by the circumstance that the first syllable of the words Ir-ish and Ir-anian is the same? Does not all the evidence of comparative philology go to prove that the *first* people who parted company with the ancient Indo-European (not Iranian) stock were the Kelts; that they crossed central and northern Europe until they reached Spain, Gaul, and the British Isles, and were stopped by the waters of the great ocean? Are all Lady Wilde's theories envolved out of her own imagination? Has she never heard or read of Grimm, or Ascoli, or Benfey, or Schleicher, or Max Müller, not to mention a dozen other great names?—and if she has not, why does she write an essay on comparative mythology and comparative philology? *Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*

The legends, charms, and superstitions which make up the greater part of the two volumes are all more or less interesting, and are, many of them, very beautiful. They are, unfortunately, almost all too long to be given in full, and they would lose much by being shortened. I must, therefore, content myself with quoting very little, and with merely mentioning the names of a few which appear to me among the most striking, *e.g.*, "The Wolf Story," the legends about the "Evil Eye," "The Stolen Bride," "The Fairy

Dance," "The Priest's Soul." The following is a description of Irish belief as to the music of the *Sídhe* or fairies:

"One day a man entered a cabin in the county Clare, and saw a young girl about twenty seated by the fire, chanting a melancholy song, without settled words or music. On inquiry, he was told that she had once heard the fairy harp; and those who hear it lose all memory of love or hate, and forget all things, and never more have any other sound in their ears save the soft music of the fairy harp, and when the spell is broken they die" (vol. i., p. 53).

The following love-charm is given in vol. ii., p. 79:

"O Christ, by your five wounds, by the nine orders of angels, if this woman is ordained for me, let me hold her hand now, and breathe her breath. O my love, I set a charm to the top of your head; to the sole of your foot; to each side of your breast, that you may not leave me, nor forsake me. As a foal after the mare, as a child after the mother, may you follow and stay with me till death comes to part us asunder. Amen."

The essay on the "Irish Past," which follows the "Legends and Charms," is, I fear, as scientifically inaccurate as the Introduction; but this is atoned for (if inaccuracy can ever be atoned for) by the picturesqueness and beauty of its style, as well as by many thoughtful pages on Irish character, and manners, and life. I know of no description of national character more true, or more forcibly written than the following:

"Such as they [the Irish] were when the first light of history rested on them, they are now; indolent and dreamy, patient and resigned as fatalists, fanatical as Bonzees, implacable as Arabs, cunning as Greeks, courteous as Spaniards, superstitious as savages, loving as children, clinging to the old home and the old sod and the old families with a tenderness that is always beautiful, sometimes heroic; loving to be ruled, with veneration in excess; ready to die like martyrs for a creed, a party, or the idol of the hour, but incapable of extending their sympathies beyond the family or the clan; content with the lowest place in Europe; stationary amid progression; isolated from the European family; without power or influence; lazily resting in the past, while the nations are wrestling in the present for the future. Children of the ocean, yet without commerce; idle by thousands, yet without manufactures; gifted with quick intellects and passionate hearts, yet literature and art die out among them for want of aid or sympathy; without definite aims, without energy, or the earnestness, which is the vital life [*sic*] of heroic deeds; dark and blind through prejudice and ignorance, they can neither resist nobly, nor endure wisely; chafing in bondage, yet their fits of liberty are marked only by wild excesses, and end only in sullen despair" (vol. ii., p. 334).

It is true, as Lady Wilde says, that while dogmatic religion and science have long since killed the mytho-poetic faculty in cultured Europe, it exists still among the Irish—a people whose simple, joyous, reverent nature remains unchanged, while all else is changing round them, or, at least, remained unchanged until comparatively recent days. Christianity was readily accepted by the Irish, but the legends of ancient times were not overthrown by it; rather, they were taken up and incorporated with the new faith. The Irish are eternal children, with all the childlike instincts of superstition still strong in them—believing all things, because to doubt requires knowledge, and implies qualities which they do not possess. Hence their legends are a curious mingling of religion and superstition. The holy wells and the sacred trees were, most probably, held sacred in ante-Christian times, and only became more holy by association with a saint's name. The fires lighted on the hills at Midsummer (on St. John's Eve) are undoubtedly a survival of an ancient pagan rite. The funeral ceremonies of Ireland—the wake, the death-chant, the mourning women, and the games—recall the funeral rites of pagan times, and of Eastern lands. The two great dogs that watch for the souls of the dead in order that they may devour them, recall Cerberus, the three-headed monster, who guarded the gates of death. The following death-chant or *keen* might as conceivably have been sung by a pagan Greek as by a Christian mother:

"O women, look on me! look on me, women! Have you ever seen any sorrow like mine? Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah, my darling, my darling, 'tis your mother that calls you. How long you are sleeping! Do you see all the people round you, my darling, and I sorely weeping? Arrah, what is the paleness on your face? Surely, there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness, and your hair was as the wing of a raven, and your skin was whiter than the hand of a lady. Is it the stranger must carry me to my grave, and my son lying here?" (vol. i., p. 17.)

In taking leave of the *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, I venture to express the hope that, should the work reach a second edition, Lady Wilde may submit it to the revision of some competent Keltic scholar, and so render her interesting book of use and value, not only to that ambiguous person—the general reader, but also to *bona fide* students of Irish history and Irish myths.

JANE LEE.

NEW NOVELS.

Logie Town. By Sarah Tytler. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Heart of Fire. By Mrs. Houstoun. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Lovely Wang. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

A City Girl. By John Law. (Vizetelly.)

Stratharran. By Bower Watten. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

Who did it? By Mark Mee. (Wyman.)

Wife or no Wife. By T. W. Speight. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Crystal Age. (Fisher Unwin.)

Glowworm Tales. By James Payn. (Chatto & Windus.)

MISS TYTLER is familiar with much Scotch ground; but it may be said, with little fear of contradiction, that with none is she so familiar as with that which she disguises under the designation of *Logie Town.* The bright, and yet quaint, reality that marks it looks like the reality which only the memories of childhood can suggest. Be that as it may, *Logie Town* is the most successful purely Scotch story that Miss Tytler has yet published. All things considered, also, it is, with the exception of perhaps three by Mrs. Oliphant, the best novel dealing with domestic life in the North that has been published for a decade. It is, indeed, marred by Miss Tytler's great and almost fatal weakness—diffuseness. But even this weakness, in consequence of which her three volumes contain as much letterpress as four by almost any other writer, is forgotten in one's appreciation of the art with which she presents every detail in the life of a Scotch country town a generation or two ago. The highest merit of *Logie Town* is that it is a full study of such life in days when Edinburgh, not London, was the capital of Scotland; when sheriffs, and even sheriff-clerks, were important personages; when the inns in country towns were frequented by "the gentry"; when the parish minister was the undisputed autocrat of the supper-table. Miss Tytler introduces a jarring element of modernness into this study in the shape of paper-mills, which the nominal proprietor burns down to cheat an insurance company. Otherwise her picture of Logie—its market days and its dancing-assemblies, its three "Shirras," unwearied in their attentions to toddy and to business, its "auld captain," its minister, its lairds, its schoolmistresses, its gossips, its disreputable "Coontess," its more respectable, but not less vulgar, "Lady" Sprott—is very nearly perfect. Then there is a pleasant little plot in *Logie Town*, which it would be unfair to divulge, and there are at least half-a-dozen strong and well-defined characters. Of these the best are Miss Mally Corstorphine, landlady of the Crown Inn—a resolute, reticent, Scotch gentlewoman of the old school—and "Moshie," otherwise M. Raoul le Saye, a chivalrous Gascon count, who in exile is compelled to give lessons in dancing, but to whom, in the end, Fortune gives back his own. But Lizzie Lindsay, the heroine, who deserves all her good fortune, is also an admirable sketch; and so is that bright, but rather selfish, flirt, Hay Melville. Miss Tytler's female characters are superior to her men, of whom the weakest is the miserable Adam Lauder. But "Moshie" is a host in himself, and is in many respects as original and complete a personality as can be found in the wide range of Scotch fiction. It was a mistake of Miss Tytler to let Lizzie Lindsay think even for a moment of Lauder, when such a possible rival was in the field.

Of *A Heart of Fire* it is unnecessary to say anything, except that it is intolerably long, that its heroine's "features were not so regular as those of Dannecker's Ariadne; but any defects which they might possess were compensated for by lips of roseate freshness, and by a smile as sweet and passion-stirring as ever lighted up a human face"; and that as regards Harvey Dallas, whom she ultimately marries, "as a poor law guardian and also as a magistrate, he performed his duties conscientiously and with regularity." A more harmless or less interesting story than this was surely never written. There is nobody in it bad enough or good enough to command or deserve an iota of attention.

The Lovely Wang is an elegant little comedy, which borders here and there on farce, but never on vulgarity. It is the story of a Chinese family conspiracy to get money by a sham marriage between the scapegrace brother of Miss Hung, disguised as Miss Hung

herself, and the dying brother of the lovely Miss Wang. The conspiracy is frustrated, and, at the same time, its object is attained by Miss Wang substituting herself on the occasion of the marriage ceremony for her brother, who has meanwhile been good enough to die. Owing to the intimacy of the relations into which the lovers are placed by fate, Mr. Wingfield might, had he been realistically inclined, have introduced some delicately indelicate situations into his little story. But he has had the good taste to refrain from doing anything of the kind. Mr. Wingfield's style is bright, his draperies are graceful and fitting, and his Chinese geography and topography need not be impeached.

It is much to be regretted that the author of *A City Girl* should have designated it—or allowed his publishers to designate it—a "realistic" story. The ill-omened adjective is calculated to warn off from his story the very people who would be benefited by reading it. It is pathetic; the heroine, Nelly Ambrose, who has a little of Hetty Sorrel in her, is seduced by Arthur Grant, who is a very pale copy of Arthur Donnithorne. But it is not marked by that inartistic and otherwise offensive dwelling upon unpleasant incidents, for the sake of their unpleasantness, which is the characteristic of English "realistic" novels. Besides, it presents, in the person of worthy Captain Lobe of the Salvation Army, the realism of virtue, as a contrast to the realism of vice. There is not much of plot in *A City Girl*, and not much of a purpose—unless that be to prove that women who have not been mothers should not attempt to act as nurses to weakly children, and that the men and women of the Salvation Army are engaged in good social work of its kind. There is one improbability —if it be not an impossibility—in this story. That a *dilettante*, impressionable amateur in Radicalism like Arthur Grant should drift into a *liaison* with a pretty "hand" like Nelly Ambrose, whom he sees at a meeting of a plebeian "club," is conceivable. But he is not quite heartless, and it is incredible that he should have made no provision for the practically inevitable result of that *liaison*. Besides, he must have had his eyes and his ears open when he was engaged in "missionary" work on behalf of his party, and in "psychological studies" on behalf of himself, in the slummy region of "the City"; and he must have learned that, if it is a trifling matter for the "hand" of a "sweater" to have a baby, it is no trifling matter for her to support one. Otherwise Arthur Grant is a lifelike portrait. So is Nelly Ambrose, the poor "masher" of Charlotte's Buildings, who becomes a mother before she becomes a woman. So is Captain Lobe of the Salvation Army, who rescues Nelly. So is George, the old soldier and caretaker of Charlotte's Buildings—in spite of his Dickensish trick of saying every second page, "I wish I'd never left the service"—who plays Adam Bede to Nelly's Hetty Sorrel, and whom the author of *A City Girl* ought really, for the sake of the ordinary and weak reader, to have allowed to half-murder Arthur Grant. The English of *A City Girl* is unexceptionable.

Stratharran is a well-meaning, incoherent, unsuccessful, and yet not unpleasant, attempt to utilise the movement among the crofters of Northern Scotland for the purposes of fiction. Mr. Bower Watten has tried hard to get up his subject; but he gives a very blurred portrait of that queer compound of piety, superstition, independence, and resolution — the Scotch crofter. In his pages this modern political hero prays too much and does too little. The best character in *Stratharran* is Leitch, the quite impossible Earl of Glenconval's resolute factor; but he looks an Englishman. The second best is Jamie Ramsay, who is a bit of a Scotchman—at least, when he perpetrates practical jokes. Mr. Watten's poetical justice—the discovery of the true heir to the ruthlessly logical oppressor of the Stratharran crofters—is absurdly improbable; his love-making is weak; his electioneering is farcical.

Who did it? is a piece of rough transpontine work. Josephine Duval, *alias* Kate Warren, who "did it," is the vulgarest of murderesses and intriguers; and in the Warrens, and Mesuriers, and Haltons, who hate her, or love her, or are married to her, and who write plays and drink "black Scotch," she has company quite worthy of her. There is some gallery "go" in *Who did it?* which may be put to better use some day.

Those readers of *A Barren Title* who discovered in the hero a little of Mr. Besant's —or is it the late Mr. Rice's?—*Ready-Money Mortiboy* humour, will be disappointed with the first of the two stories which make Mr. Speight's new volume. *Wife or no Wife*, the story of a poor girl who marries a good Englishman after marrying a bad Frenchman, without, of course, making certain that the bad Frenchman is dead, is unpleasant and unnatural. The death of Victor Latour is, no doubt, a powerful scene, powerful to repulsiveness; but Mr. Speight's talent does not lie in the painting of such scenes. Colonel L'Estrange, the choleric old-school father of the unfortunate Elinor is, indeed, the only character in *Wife or no Wife*—not excepting even Delphine, Elinor's confidante and foster-sister—who is at all worthy of Mr. Speight in the sense of recalling his best creations. *A Close Shave*, in which we have the joys and sorrows of a barber with a turn for doggerel, is a good and indeed polished farce, which, alike in style and in the "gay wisdom" that pervades it, recals the cloister-humour of Douglas Jerrold rather than of Mr. Gilbert.

A Crystal Age is a very well-written attempt to picture the life of an ideally contented, pure, and ignorant people. A commonplace nineteenth-century Englishman of the name of Smith falls from a cliff when botanising; and when he recovers finds himself among people who live in crystal dwellings, have characters to match, and have never heard of Hannibal, Napoleon, or Lord Randolph Churchill. He has a variety of adventures, some comic, some the reverse, and one final and fatal. The story is a pretty conceit carefully worked out; and the conversations of Yoletta, who is incapable of ordinary love, and of poor Smith, who is capable of nothing else, are very amusing and not unedifying. The author of *A Crystal Age* writes a graceful style, which ought not to be wasted in transcendental fiction.

Mr. Payn's latest collection of stories, with and without morals, which have already appeared in magazines, is a magnum of medium-dry, club-arm-chair, and somewhat elderly humour. Mr. Payn shoots the follies of the time as they fly with an arrow that kills, but does not inflict unnecessary pain; and there are not more than three stories in his three volumes that become tedious before the close of them is reached. Yet it is hardly possible not to sigh occasionally for an oasis of genuine tragedy, when jogging at the rate of so many stories a day over Mr. Payn's Sahara of middle-class comforts and comic miseries. William Wallace.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Picture of Jesus (*The Master*). By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. (Burne.) This second published volume of the series, entitled "Christ and Christianity," should be the most important of all the volumes, for it contains a summary of Christ's life and teaching. Mr. Haweis's "Picture" has some very great and rare merits. It is never commonplace or dull; it is never conventional or biassed. However old and familiar are the truths Mr. Haweis is stating, they receive fresh vigour and point under his hands; however well-worn is the tale he is telling, it receives new interest in his swift, curt, decided narrative; and when he has a question of fact to settle, on which depend important theological doctrines, he fearlessly faces his fact, leaving the doctrines, for the time, entirely on one side. Of freshness and originality of thought there is abundance, as, for instance, in the exposition of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and in the fifteenth section, entitled "Days of Judgment"; and brilliant epigrams, as that the Pharisees by their traditions "commuted their social and family duties for an ecclesiastical fine," are to be found in every chapter. Two aspects of Christ's life strike us as receiving specially admirable treatment: His marvellous practical sagacity is exhibited with a clearness and force which will be new to most readers; and the negative and destructive side of His teaching—His resolute rejection of "asceticism, ceremonialism, and sanctimoniousness"—finds in Mr. Haweis a sympathetic and eloquent exponent. But there are points of view from which Mr. Haweis's "Picture" is a failure. It fails to leave with us any very vivid idea of what Jesus was to His own disciples, or to explain to us the secret of their devotion to Him. So much space is given to the explanation of those parts of His teaching which were misunderstood by His contemporaries, and have been misunderstood by His followers since, that the simpler and easier truths which have won for Him the love of mankind are unduly subordinated. Moreover, Mr. Haweis's praiseworthy anxiety to bring Christ's teaching into close connexion with our every-day modern life is overdone. The individuality of Christ Himself and of His time is hidden from us. We are in London in the nineteenth century, not in Palestine in the first. The result of all this is that Mr. Haweis's representation produces on us little of the fascination which the simple Gospel narratives exercise, and which, among modern lives, is specially found in *Philochristus*. Nor will Mr. Haweis's sketch compare with such a book as *Ecce Homo*, as a statement and summary of Christ's doctrines and methods. It is too short, too sketchy, and too abrupt. The style has not enough of the dignity and repose, of the passion and sublimity, which must ever be essential characteristics of the biographer of

Jesus. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Haweis has all these characteristics, but too often, notably in the exceedingly vivid and able sketch of Judas Iscariot, he almost adopts the style of the "Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*. These are the shortcomings of a striking and able book. Among the many important pronouncements of Mr. Haweis on matters of belief, we will quote only his statement of the "two views" regarding Christ's birth:

"I will put it clearly thus. Towards the close of the first century there were two sects of Christians, the Jewish and the Gentile. The earlier sect, who followed Mark and Peter; the later sect, who followed Luke and Paul. Matthew represents a state of transition thought between Mark and Luke. Both sects spoke of Jesus as Son of God; both saw in Him in some sense a divine presence. But the earlier Jewish Christians, represented by Mark, seem to have known nothing of the miraculous conception, and believed the divine life in Jesus to be a spiritual influence transfusing his humanity; while the later Gentile Christians, represented by Luke, considered the divine life in Jesus to be due to a certain physical but miraculous influence, wholly independent of Joseph and operant at the time of Mary's conception."

Still Hours. By Richard Rothe. Translated by Jane T. Stoddart. With an introductory essay by the Rev. John Macpherson. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is the first volume of a series of translations entitled "The Foreign Biblical Library," in process of publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The series will provide translations of the most recent products of "orthodox foreign scholarship"; but the publishers mark the fact that it will not consist only of commentaries, and will not be too rigidly orthodox, by beginning with the commonplace book of Rothe, who has been described as an "evangelical Hegelian." Rothe in his lifetime kept a book in which he wrote comments upon such passages in his reading as specially interested him. This book he seems to have had some notion of publishing, and got so far as to revise his material. His biographer, Prof. Nippold, of Bern, carefully arranged the scattered thoughts under such heads as Personal, on God, on Man, on Christ, &c., and published the result in 1872. *Still Hours* is a translation of this volume, which has been widely read in Germany. The "introductory essay" gives a good account of Rothe's life, but does not indicate very clearly his position as a theologian. The readers for whom this library is intended will not gain very much by the information that Rothe was influenced largely by Daub and Abegg. They will want to know who Daub and Abegg were. Mr. Macpherson gives a clear enough account of Abegg, but leaves Daub rather in the dark; and it was Daub's influence on Rothe which was important, and turned him from a "Pietist" to an "evangelical Hegelian." The translation is in the main clear and idiomatic. Occasionally a thought is left obscure; but this cannot be always avoided in translating German philosophy. The book may be heartily recommended to those unable to read the original. The uncommon combination in Rothe's character of intellectual honesty and vigour with deep and genuine piety must make him interesting to all readers, while students of German thought will find one of its most important phases mirrored in *Still Hours*.

Future Probation: a Symposium. (Nisbet.) The secondary title of this volume, "Is Salvation possible after Death?" limits very materially the scope of the papers contained in it. These were originally contributed to the *Homiletic Magazine*, and are published in their present form as a volume of "Nisbet's Theological Library." The writer of the last article, Dr. Landels, classifies very accurately the views of his twelve predecessors under four heads: 1. The view of those represented by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who "goes far beyond the question," and affirms the certain final salvation of the whole human race; 2. The view of the Rev. Edward White, who denies universal restoration, but believes that those who have had no offer of salvation in this life will receive such an offer after death; 3. The view of Dr. Littledale, who "shows a leaning towards universal restoration"; 4. The view of Principal Cairns, who, "writing with the reverence for Scripture which characterises all his investigations and utterances, does not see any ground for entertaining this pleasing hope." It is to be hoped that Dr. Landels's use of the word "pleasing" in this last sentence is sincere, for with several writers the hope in question is certainly not pleasing. More than once we find the clerical mind much exercised by the thought that if this "pleasing hope" be allowed, preachers and teachers will find their admonitions materially weakened. How can a sinner, who knows he will have another chance in the next world, be expected to repent in this? The further question, whether a repentance resulting only from terror of punishment is worth much, is not considered. The second ground for denying the possibility of salvation after death is the testimony of the Bible, which, to those who accept its inspiration very rigidly, seems to answer in the negative the question at issue. Those, on the other hand, whose views on inspiration are more liberal, give greater weight to the argument from the character of God—His mercy and omnipotence—contending that an infinite punishment of sinners would be unjust, and imply failure on the part of the Deity. The Rev. John Page Hopps's brilliant paper puts this argument admirably. Christ's answer —"with God all things are possible"—to a question very like the question of the Symposium would seem to favour Dr. Littledale's conclusion; but so many previous points must be settled before the question at issue in this volume can be answered that its discussion at much length is not very profitable. The Rev. Simeon Singer contributes a valuable and interesting summary of Rabbinical teaching on the matter. It is surely a mistake not to give the denomination of each writer as well as his name.

Cur Deus Homo? By Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. Translated, with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes, by Edward S. Prout. (Religious Tract Society.) This carefully printed and neatly bound volume forms volume i. of a series of "Christian Classics" which the Religious Tract Society proposes to publish. The choice of St. Anselm's treatise on the Atonement to open the series is an admirable one. The *Cur Deus Homo?* has a permanent value, apart from its special theological teaching, as the production of an intellect of unusual subtlety, guided by a disposition of rare sweetness and humility. It will very much astonish those readers who have imagined that the question it deals with is a modern one, and perhaps put some present-day theologians to the blush. We know of only one other translation of the treatise, published anonymously by "a clergyman" at Oxford in 1858. To this Mr. Prout's translation is distinctly superior. He is occasionally obscure, but on the whole he succeeds in avoiding "translated" English. The modest "introduction" is such that we wish it were longer, and gave us some history of the influence and fortunes of Anselm's tract. Dean Church and Mr. Martin Rule (*St. Anselm: his Life and Times*), while bearing witness to its originality and interest, pass over it very hurriedly. We should like to know, also, something more about Boso. The tract is so short that a little more space might without inconvenience be given to the introductory matter. The analysis is excellent.

The Person and Work of the Redeemer. By J. J. Van Oosterzee. Translated from the Dutch by Maurice J. Evans. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This careful and idiomatic translation was first published in 1874 under the title of *The Image of Christ*. The volume before us is a second edition of that work in a cheaper form. Dr. Oosterzee's position, as the leader of the Evangelical School in Holland, will make the republication of the translation of one of his most important works acceptable to many. It should be noted that the type, paper, and binding of the book are all that could be desired.

The Temple of Humanity, and other Sermons. By H. N. Grimley. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) These sermons are thoughtful and striking, but a little wanting in vigour and emphasis. Mr. Grimley preaches Christ's religion of mercy and love, but this should make him not less but more fervid than the prophets of fiercer faiths. He seems, moreover, to have composed some of his discourses hurriedly, for this is the most charitable explanation of an occasional repetition of his ideas which fails to be either illustrative or emphatic. That Mr. Grimley can be eloquent and incisive when he likes is shown by the sketch of Heine's career in the admirable sermon on the words "When he came to himself," by the sermon on "Everlasting Fire," or by such a clear explanation of 2 Tim. iii. 16 as is given in the words—

"This will be true in the sense in which it was written by St. Paul to the end of time: whatsoever written teaching helps on the education of the world—the education of the men and women and children of the world—in truth and holiness, in wisdom and love—that has ever been given and ever will be given by inspiration of God."

Mr. Grimley deserves the thanks of his reader for his useful note on William Law, and the interesting extracts he gives from Law's treatise on "The Spirit of Love."

From Death to Life. By Charles Kingsley. Edited by his Wife. (Macmillan.) Six sermons on life after death, preached to a "village congregation," are contained in this neat little book, together with various extracts bearing on the subject from Kingsley's letters and papers. Every lover of Kingsley will be thankful to have his teaching on this important question in a compact and handy form. The sermon on Dives and Lazarus is perhaps the best.

A Series of Plain Sermons for the Christian Year. By Various Contributors. Advent and Christmastide. (S. P. C. K.) Among these twenty-seven sermons are three by Dean Church, three by Canon Jelf, and six by Canon Burrows. We mention these names to show the standard of excellence observed in the volume. But the sermons bear the preliminary title of "Sermons for the People," and are further defined as "plain," so that they are to be judged presumably as discourses especially adapted to those who are not habitual churchgoers. From this point of view it must be said that Canon Jelf and Dean Church are no "plainer" than usual in their style and matter, nor does there seem anything in the series justifying the special title. The sermons are good sermons, but they are not specially "plain," nor specially adapted to "the people."

The Monthly Interpreter. Vol. iv. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) In this half-yearly volume of the *Interpreter* there are papers of more than ordinary interest and importance. Chief among them is Prof. Milligan's series on "The Resurrection of the Dead," Prof. Johnson's "Christianity and the Mysteries," and Prof. Sayce's "Old Testament in the Light

of Recent Research." The review itself makes no pretence to a philosophical consideration of the subjects it discusses, even when this seems demanded, or at least suggested, by their very nature. Accordingly, we note a deficiency of intellectual strength or exegetical boldness in certain papers wherein they are especially desirable. As a whole, however, we may state that the fourth volume of the *Interpreter* is exceptionally good.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. KNIGHT, of St. Andrews, to whom Wordsworthians are already under so many obligations, is far advanced with a work that will have a wider attraction for all interested in the literary history of the early years of this century. In the course of his researches into fresh material for the Life of Wordsworth, he has been fortunate enough to discover at Cole Orton Hall, in Leicestershire, a large number of letters addressed to Sir George Beaumont, the painter-baronet, not only by Wordsworth, but also by Coleridge, Southey, Scott, and others. The Coleridge letters are specially important, as they throw light upon the obscure period of his residence in Malta. This literary *trouvaille* is sufficiently large to fill two volumes, which will be published in the course of the present year by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh.

THE serious discussion upon the proposed school of modern languages at Oxford will begin on Tuesday next, May 17, when a number of amendments will be brought forward. At the same time, another statute will be promulgated, uniting the Merton professorship of English Language and Literature with the professorship of Anglo-Saxon, and founding a new chair of English Literature and Poetry.

AMONG those who will appear in the performance of the Greek play of "Alcestis" at Oxford next week is Mr. Ralph Disraeli, of New College, to whom has been assigned the subordinate part of the Therapon.

THE anniversary meeting of the Philological Society will be held at University College, London, on Friday next, May 20, at 8 p.m., when Prof. Sayce, the president for the year, will deliver an address on "The Primitive Area of the Aryans." In opposition to the view commonly received (at least in England)—that the home of the Aryan stock is to be sought in the highlands of Central Asia—he will bring forward the ingenious theory which is chiefly associated with the name of Prof. K. Penka, of Vienna, though it had long ago been propounded by our own veteran ethnologist, Dr. Latham. According to this theory, the primitive Aryans came from the south of the Scandinavian peninsula (including Denmark), whence they spread along the channels of the great rivers, through Russia, as far east as India. They were a blond, flaxen-haired people, with blue eyes, and may be identified with the dolicho-cephalic inhabitants of central and north-western Europe in the palaeolithic age. Prof. Sayce, we may further mention, has been chosen to preside over the anthropological section of the British Association at the Manchester meeting this autumn, when the same subject will doubtless again come up for discussion.

THE sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment recently inflicted in Berlin upon Dr. Lesenberg, who had been convicted of the crime of bookstealing (which he endeavoured to qualify as kleptomania) in several instances, reminds us of the frequency of such frauds, and the difficulty of detection in most cases. Mr. Quaritch has, within the last three weeks, suffered the loss of a valuable MS., abstracted by a thief who contrived to disarm precaution by presenting the card of a highly respectable print-dealer of New York. The man whom he personated was actually in London at the time, and making heavy purchases at the Buccleuch sale; but, as the victim only ascertained when it was too late, the real Simon Pure was a tall blond German of powerful frame, speaking English well, while the thief was a little Dutch or German Jew, dark in complexion, and having an imperfect knowledge of English. The MS. was a small duodecimo *Livre d' Heures*, elegantly illuminated and written on vellum, of French execution, and dating from about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was in an old black morocco binding, with silver clasps, and contained a remarkably pretty set of miniatures in *grisaille*.

THE *Life of Luther*, on which Dr. Peter Bayne has been long engaged, is now in a forward state of preparation, and will probably be ready for issue by the end of the present month. Messrs. Cassell & Company will be the publishers.

THE Thackeray letters which will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for June are by far the most interesting yet published. One entire letter of several pages is given in facsimile; and there are several reproductions of Thackeray's drawings. It will also contain a short story by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. have in the press a two-volume novel by Mr. F. C. Philips, in which the plot turns on mesmeric influences and the power of magical spells. The book, which is entitled *The Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*, will be issued before the end of May.

THE same firm announces *England and Her Colonies*, being a series of the best essays on Imperial Federation which were submitted to the London Chamber of Commerce for their prize competition. The essays are published in accordance with the recommendation of the judges—Mr. J. A. Froude, Sir Rawson Rawson, and Prof. J. R. Seeley, the last of whom has seen the volume through the press.

EFFORTS are being made to start a weekly journal in London to advocate Home Rule for the three kingdoms.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces a second edition of *Anne Gilchrist: Her Life and Writings*.

WE understand that our monthly contemporary, *Pump Court*, will shortly appear as a weekly, devoted largely to the interests of the legal profession. It will also, however, pay special attention to literature and public questions.

A TRANSLATION of *Frau Wilhelmine*, which forms the concluding volume of Dr. Stinde's "The Buchholz Family," will be published shortly by Messrs. Bell.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will publish immediately *Agnostic Problems*, by Dr. R. Bithell. The object of the work is to correct certain false impressions which are prevalent, and to formulate the leading theses of the new philosophical system.

A TRANSLATION, by the Rev. W. Hastie, of Pünjer's *Christian Philosophy of Religion* is announced for publication next autumn, with an introduction by Prof. Flint, of Edinburgh. Messrs. T. & T. Clark will be the publishers.

THE first edition of Miss Devey's *Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton*, having been sold out within three weeks of publication, Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. are printing a new edition, which will be ready in a few days.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will shortly issue a second edition of Dr. Knighton's *Struggles for Life*. A French translation, by Prof. Delbos, late of King's College, will be published in Paris by M. Leroux.

AT the general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution held last Monday, Lord Rayleigh was elected to the professorship of natural philosophy, vacant by the resignation of Prof. Tyndall; and Prof. Tyndall was elected honorary professor.

AS we mentioned (ACADEMY, April 23) the bequest by the late Dr. Hymers of the residue of his property—estimated at £150,000—to endow a grammar school at Hull, it is right now to state that Dr. Hymers's executors have been advised by counsel that the bequest is altogether bad in law, and, therefore, ineffectual.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO MY CAT, "MUFF."

THOU art not dumb, my Muff,
In those sweet pleading eyes and earnest look
Language there is enough
To fill with living type a goodly book.

Wherein who read might see
What tones unheard, and forms of silent speech
Are given that such as thee
The eloquence of dumbness men might teach.

No need of vocal noise
To tell thy varied range of wish or thought;
Thy every glance a voice
Whose sweet inflections trustful love hath taught.

More legible to me
Than human accents, words with vague intent.
Thy tacit speech is free
From the reproach "To hide thought speech was meant."

Doubtful man's symbols are,
Maskéd his face, his words with glozing tainted;
But naught is there to mar
The truth serene on thy sweet features painted.

List the ear-splitting din
Men use to vent their wants and woes to men,
Until our world is kin,
In uncouth clamour, to a wild beast's den.

How peaceful were our lot
Were human moods and wishes soft conveyed
In speechful silence, not
By dissonant sounds and wordy hubbub's aid!

If silence, Muff, be gold,
Gold doubly gilt were silence such as thine;
Since naught it leaves untold
Of aught could pass from thy fond heart to mine.

As thrills the electric strand,
So the chord, tense with sympathetic feeling,
That knits in one same band
All sentient life, new force is aye revealing.

Or as some work of art,
By brush or graver bodying true emotion,
Large meaning may impart,
And silently unfold its plastic notion.

Philosophers debate
If without speech thought may exist or no;
How needless all their prate
The mute thought on thy brow doth clearly show.

Men call thee "dumb" and "brute";
Yet if best speech be marked by truth and grace,
No worthier tongue, though mute,
Was ever spoken than now speaks thy face.

JOHN OWEN.

OBITUARY.

WE have to record the death of Mr. James Grant, which took place in London on Thursday last, May 5, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. As a writer for boys, James Grant's popularity thirty years ago rivalled that of the late Capt. Mayne Reid; but both authors, we fear, had become almost forgotten in their lifetime. Grant's first book—*The Romance of War* (1848)—was probably his best, though in every succeeding year he hardly ever failed to bring out a story dealing with the incidents of

modern warfare, or of old Scottish history. His latest work—entitled *Love's Labour Won*, in which fighting with the Burmese dacoits is introduced—is yet in MS., but will be published this autumn by Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, through their newspaper agency. Mr. James Grant was also the compiler of *Old and New Edinburgh*, *British Battles on Land and Sea*, and several others of those handsome volumes which Messrs. Cassell are accustomed to issue in serial form.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

LORD WOLSELEY'S recent article in *Macmillan's*, and his deliberate judgment that General Robert Lee was "the great American of the nineteenth century worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington," has called forth an emphatic rejoinder from General Sherman in this month's number of the *North American Review*. General Sherman declares that, "after twenty-one years of thought and reflection, the American people have settled down to the conclusion that Abraham Lincoln was the great civic hero of the war, and that Ulyssus S. Grant was the chief military hero." He refuses to compare Lee and Grant, but contrasts Lee with Thomas, and pronounces Thomas the greater soldier, patriot, and man. Lord Wolseley's criticisms have apparently caused some irritation, for we are assured that when the time comes for the American people to "award monuments for service in the Civil War," they will be fully prepared to do so "without hint or advice from abroad."

THE principal articles of the *Revista de Ciencias Históricas*, tom. v., No. 1, are "Los dos Fiveller," throwing fresh light on the attitude of the citizens of Barcelona towards the crown in the fifteenth century; an account of the bibliophile Duc de Berri, son of Jean II., with a descriptive catalogue of his MSS., and some correspondence in Catalan and French between him and the kings of Aragon. The editor has a careful study from classical authors of what may have been the coast of Spain in the twelfth century B.C. The chief suggestion is that the Ligures then occupied the Cantabrian shore. This would plausibly account for the shorter and darker type among the Basques. There are also good reviews of Tomic's History and Conquests of the Kings of Aragon, and of Paredes's work on the toponymy and ancient geography of Estremadura. In the "Noticias" we remark a project, attributed to the Royal Academy of History, of bringing out an authorised history of Spain; the different portions being assigned to the best native historians and specialists.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

III.

IN the two last numbers of the ACADEMY I have endeavoured to explain that Dr. Van der Linde's compilations on the history of printing are wholly untrustworthy from an *exegetical* as well as from a *bibliographical* point of view. I now consider it my duty to show that the so-called *researches* which he professes to have made in the Haarlem Coster-question can no more be relied upon than all his other work, and that they are in consequence altogether inadequate for scientific purposes. Until 1816 it had occurred to no one, it seems, to make researches in the Haarlem archives. Junius and all others only related what they had heard. But in that year a certain Jacobus Koning published a book, in which he professed to have carefully collected from the Haarlem registers, account-books, &c., all the entries that could throw light on the subject, and further, all documentary evidence that could be found at Haarlem and elsewhere. It does not require much practice in the reading of MSS. to see that Koning was not the man for such work; but for a good many years his book was looked upon as beyond reproach and his investigations quite sufficient. Consequently, all books on the invention of printing published after that date, were, on the whole, based on Koning's work, who made his inventor live from 1370 till about 1439. In 1823, the date of the invention was finally decided by the Haarlem people to have been 1423; and, when an entry in a Haarlem account-book was found, from which it appeared that a certain Lourens Janszoon had actually died in 1439, everything seemed settled. After some time, however, fresh researches brought out the fact that there had been a "Lourens Janszoon Coster" who seemed to fit better in the account of Junius, but who had lived much longer than 1439, even later than 1483, so that the whole history was thrown into confusion. We then see Dr. Van der Linde appear, making researches in archives, churches, &c. He found it no difficult task to persuade people that Koning's work was valueless; and, as he mercilessly abused Koning and all other authors who had believed in a Haarlem invention, it was concluded that what Dr. Van der Linde produced as his own researches was sound and correct. We find him demonstrating the worthlessness of Koning's work at great length in his *Haarlem Legend* (1870), in his *Gutenberg* (1878), and, once again, in his new book.

Last December, when I was invited to write the article "Typography" for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I felt bound to ascertain whether my doubts as regards Dr. Van der Linde's own work were justified; and I went to Haarlem to verify his extracts from the original MS. registers preserved in the archives there, which relate to the life of Lourens Janszoon, and which he begins to print at great length on p. 342. As his first two entries were taken from MSS. at the Hague, I had to begin with his *third* entry on p. 344, under the year 1418, which records (according to him) that several men were sent from Haarlem on a mission to Gouda. Among these men we find the name of Laurens Janssoen printed in very distinct type in Dr. Van der Linde's book. But when I looked into the original register, I found *not* "*Laurens* Janssoen," but plainly *lottiin* (*i.e.*, Lottijn) Janssoen, therefore quite a *different man*. I referred to Koning's work (p. 66), published, as I have said, in 1816. Yes, he, too, had "*Lauriis* Janssoen." I noticed at the same time that both Koning and Dr. Van der Linde printed in the same entry Walter *H*uysen, whereas the MS. has clearly Walter *B*uysen. Therefore, at the very first touch the nature of Dr. Van der Linde's "researches" are revealed to us. The original MSS. had evidently been too difficult for him, and so he simply reproduces the "researches" of 1816. But I have to relate worse things. A few days afterwards, I saw at the Hague Koning's MS. note-book, in which he had made most elaborate extracts from the Haarlem registers for his work published in 1816. This MS. note-book had come into the possession of Dr. Van der Linde, who, after the completion of his *Haarlem Legend*, presented it to the Royal Library at the Hague. In this note-book, Dr. Van der Linde has writen N.B. (*nota bene*) by the side of every entry that related to L. Janssoen; but, strange to say, no such N.B. is found by the side of the entry of 1418 which Koning himself wrote as "(lackiin) janssoen," which makes it clear that he had seen, at the moment that he copied it, that the name in the register was not *Lauriis*. But somehow or other he seems to have got over his difficulty, and printed *Lauriis*. We can forgive Koning, who blundered in this way in 1816. But what are we to think of Dr. Van der Linde, who never neglects to abuse Koning in the most pitiless manner, calling him a "literary rascal" and other names which I need not repeat here; and yet, in his own incapacity of dealing with MSS., is driven to reprint, *verbatim*, the poor blunders of his poor victim, and to dish them up to us as the fruits of his own "research?"

Does not this instance alone condemn the whole of Dr. Van der Linde's *Haarlem Legend*? But I must give a still more glaring example of his pitiful dependence upon others in his "researches." We know that it is said that Louwerys Janssoen, the man who some regard as the inventor of printing, died in 1439, according to an entry in the burial-registers of the Cathedral Church at Haarlem. In 1870, in his *Haarlem Legend* (p. 197, Dutch edition; p. 119, English translation), Dr. Van der Linde records this entry as follows: "Item *lou Janss.* breet ii. gra. cloc en graf"; and he adds distinctly that a former reading ("gut" instead of *gra*), published in 1824, falls to the ground as there is question of 2 *graves*, not of two *guilders*. In 1878, in his *Gutenberg* (p. 394), the same Dr. Van der Linde records the same entry in a German dress as follows: "Item lou janss. breit 2 *gulden* (der archivar Enschedé liest *gräber*) glocke und grab 1439." And at the end of 1886, when he assures us that he has *mastered* at last the whole subject, the very same Dr. Van der Linde records the very same entry as follows (p. 354): "Item lou janss. breet ii grā. cloc en graf." And for the benefit of the German reader he adds a German translation of the entry: that is to say, "Item Laurens Janszoon, broad two graves, for the sounding of the clock [*i.e.* bell] and burial." He then goes on to fill nearly six of his quarto pages with quotations on this entry.

Now, long before I had an opportunity of making researches at Haarlem, I wondered whether Dr. Van der Linde had ever tried to understand the entry, or to account for the fact that there was question (as he, or his informant, says) of *two* graves. Surely, the lou Janssoen, to whom the entry refers, could not possibly have been such a giant as to require *two* graves? But as I had already realised that Dr. Van der Linde never cares about, or thinks of, what he prints, I thought it better to ask no questions, and to wait till I could see the MS. myself. On Friday, January 7, 1887, I saw it, and read (on folio 20):

Λbrect ii gut *
Item lou ianssn Λcloc ende graf

The whole line: "Item . . . graf" is written by the same hand that wrote the greatest part of the register, but a different, though certainly contemporary, hand added the Λ by the left side of the word *cloc*, and also "Λ brect ii gut" above the line.

There can be no hesitation about the reading of the entry as given above, and the meaning becomes clear when we examine the register a little further. The receipts for the soundings of the bell and the graves commence on fol. 18 a. At first the costs of bell and grave are recorded at each entry, always fifteen scilds for bell and grave together; one scild for a child; five scilds for the bell alone. But the writer, seeing that nearly all the entries would have to be the same, began to omit the amounts of the money on fol. 20a and 20b; and so we find on p. 20b, which concerns us, fourteen names of buried persons with the addition of "cloc ende graf," but without the payments; further, four names with "cloc" alone, and one name with neither "cloc" nor "graf." Among the fourteen names with "cloc ende graf" is that of our Lou Janssn. There can be no doubt that the expenses for his bell and grave were,

* A crossed *l*.

as on the previous pages, fifteen scilds. But somehow or other the relatives of the buried man seem to have been short of money, and did not pay the whole of the fifteen scilds. Consequently, another hand added above the line, but with a distinct mark of reference (ʌ), to this entry, that *two* guilders had been left unpaid: "brect ii gut." The word *brect* (partic. of *breken*), in the sense of *wanting, short of*, is neither unknown nor uncommon (see Verwys and Verdam, *Middel-nederl. Woordenboek*, col. 1434). It occurs in the same sense, four times over, on leaf 37b of the same register, written by the same hand.

No one need be surprised that Dr. Van der Linde never *mastered* this simple entry. That he published it three times over (in 1870, in 1878, and in 1886), each time in a different way, and each time with comments and notes, and yet never saw the palpable absurdity of his readings, is quite in harmony with all that we see of his work. Nor must we be surprised that he never took the trouble to examine the original entry himself, though he is a native of Haarlem, resided there for some time, and could have had easy access to the register; for he prefers to copy from others, knowing full well that the deciphering of MSS. is not his strong point. But we may well ask, was there no Dutch archivist, or librarian, or ordinary scholar, all the time from 1823, when the entry was first discovered and misread, till 1886, when it was published again, perhaps, for the twentieth time, to discover the absurdity of the various readings? This entry certainly shows what is possible in the nineteenth century.

If anyone asks whether the detection of these erroneous readings alters, in any way, the case of the Haarlem inventor, as it has been presented to us by Dr. Van der Linde, I must answer *no*. I admit that the genealogy of the two men (Laurens Janszoon and Laurens Janszoon Coster), whom Dr. Van der Linde declares to have been mixed up by later authors on the Haarlem claims, remains as entangled as before. But I soon saw that even a cursory reading and copying of the manuscript registers at Haarlem by myself was out of the question, as such a work would have required several months, and I had only a few days at my disposal. But I believe what I found at the first touch of Dr. Van der Linde's work shows conclusively that he has either made no researches at all, or has made them without being properly trained for the work; and, under these circumstances, we cannot, I think, but dismiss the case which he has presented to us. When persons are unable to decipher MSS., and yet compile genealogies from MSS., the chances are not only that they take hold of the wrong persons, as we see Koning and his copyist, Dr. Van der Linde, do, but the true persons may escape their attention. I believe it will be clear to everybody, from what I have said above, that something more trustworthy than Dr. Van der Linde's unreliable compilations from equally unreliable authors is required before science can decide whether the tradition of the invention of printing at Haarlem is a myth or not. I hope presently to show that I, in common with a good many others, still believe in that tradition, and I will state my reasons for that belief. Should these reasons be found acceptable, it will be the duty of those who take an interest in the matter to see that proper researches are made with respect to the inventor. Who is to make them? It is clearly the duty of the Dutch to make an effort to place this matter upon a more satisfactory footing. They have, hitherto, conducted the controversy in a manner which does not do them any great credit. And it seems almost incredible that the wrong readings which I have pointed out above could have been before their eyes for many years without being noticed. All the more as the reading of the burial-entry, as given by Dr. Van der Linde, is such a palpable absurdity. Persons like myself, living far away from the documents, can only make spasmodic efforts; and researches at Haarlem are not so very easy, nor do they seem to be greatly favoured by the Haarlem authorities; at least that was my impression last January. When MSS. and documents which require careful and anxious examination have to be examined while their official custodian sits at your elbow, and considers it his duty to hand you every document and take it from you whenever you think it necessary to lay it aside for a moment in order to look at another, a serious and thorough examination is out of the question. Yet this was the condition under which I had to conduct my inquiries at Haarlem. It made me remember with what comfort and ease one can do a long day's work in the British Museum without ever having to struggle with a fussy interference on the part of authorities who yet manage to guard their treasures carefully. Let us hope that what I have said above will awaken the Dutch to a sense of their duty, and induce them to publish forthwith all that can in any way help to the clearing up of a subject which has already waited too long for a scientific treatment, and the confusion of which is manifestly used by Dr. Van der Linde to serve his own personal ends.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BARINE, A. Portraits de femmes. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
BELGIQUE, la situation militaire de la, dans le cas d'une guerre franco-allemande. Paris: Le Soudier. 2 fr.
BERLAN, F. La introduzione della stampa in Savigliano, Saluzzo ed Asti nel secolo XV. Milan: Hoepli. 3 fr.
BERTRAND, A., et E. FERRIER. Ferdinand de Lesseps: sa vie, son œuvre. Paris: Charpentier. 7 fr. 50 c.
BONNEFON, P. Beaumarchais. Paris: *l'Artiste*. 5 fr.
BORDIER, A. La Vie des sociétés. Paris: Reinwald. 6 fr.
CAVOUR, C., Lettere. Vol. VI. Milan: Hoepli. 10 fr.
CHARCOT, J. M., et P. RICHER. Les démoniaques dans l'art. Paris: Delahaye. 12 fr.
CLEUZIOU, H. du. Monuments historiques de France. 3e Livr. Paris: Monnier. 10 fr.
DESNOIRESTERRES, G. Le Chevalier Dorat et les poètes légers au 18e Siècle. Paris: Didier. 4 fr.
D'HÉRISSON, le Comte. Le Cabinet noir: Louis XVII., Napoléon, Marie-Louise. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
DRONSART, Mdme. M. Le Prince de Bismarck: sa vie et son œuvre. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
FERRÉ, E. L'Irlande: la crise agraire et politique, ses causes, ses dangers, sa solution. Paris: Didier. 1 fr.
GIURIATI, D. Duecento lettere inedite di. Gius. Mazzini. Milan: Hoepli. 6 fr.
GOBINEAU, le Comte de. Amadis: poème (œuvre posthume). Paris: Plon. 10 fr.
LERMINA, J. La France martyre: documents pour servir à l'histoire de l'invasion de 1870. Paris: Kugelmann. 3 fr. 50 c.
ROUX, X. La corporation des Gantiers de Grenoble avant et et après la Révolution. Grenoble: Dupont. 20 fr.
SIMON, Jules. Nos hommes d'état. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
VIGNON, L. La France dans l'Afrique du Nord: Algérie et Tunisie. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr.

THEOLOGY.

GOSSEAU, G. W. Commentar zur Genesis. Halberstadt: Schimmelburg. 7 M. 50 Pf.
HOLTZMANN, O. Das Johannisevangelium, untersucht u. erklärt. Darmstadt: Waitz. 9 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

BARRE-DUPARCQ, E. de la. Histoire de Henri II. (1547-1559). Paris: Didier. 6 fr.
FREY, K. Das Leben d. Perikles. Bern. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GOPCEVIC, S. Kriegsgeschichtliche Studien. 1. u. 2. Reihe. Leipzig: Elischer. 12 M.
MAZADE, Ch. de. Mémoires du prince Czartoryski, et correspondance avec l'empereur Alexandre Ier. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
MONUMENTA Germaniae paedagogica. Hrsg. v. K. Kehrbach. 2. Bd. Berlin: Hofmann. 15 M.
PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preuss. Staatsarchiven. 29. Bd. Preussen u. Frankreich von 1795-1807. Diplomatische Correspondenzen, hrsg. v. P. Bailleu. (1806-1807.) Leipzig: Hirzel. 16 M.
QUÉPAT, N. Dictionnaire biographique de l'ancien département de la Moselle. Paris: Picard. 20 fr.
SATTLER, C. Handelsrechnungen d. Deutschen Ordens. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 12 M.
SCHRÖDER, R. Lehrbuch der deutschen Rechtsgeschichte. 1. Abtlg. Leipzig: 16 M.
SCIOUT, L. Histoire de la constitution civile du clergé (1790-1801). Paris: Didier. 6 fr.
SEHLING, E. Die Untersuchung der Verlöbnisse im kanonischen Recht. Leipzig: Veit. 5 M.
STEIN, F. Der Urkunden- u. Wechselprozess. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M. 80 Pf.
URKUNDEN- U. ACTENSTÜCKE zur Geschichte d. Kurfürsten Friedrich Wilhelm v. Brandenburg. 11. Bd. Politische Verhandlungen. 7 Bd. Hrsg. v. F. Hirsch. Berlin: Reimer. 15 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SHYLOCK AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

London: May 9, 1887.

The sources of the plot of the "Merchant of Venice" are very well known. Fiorentino's "Il Pecorone" supplies the story both of the Jew's sanguinary bond and of the rich lady of Belmont's pleadings in disguise. The *Gesta Romanorum* contains the incident of the caskets. The ballad of "Gernutus, the Jew of Venice" offers very many points of resemblance to Shakspere's play; but this piece is undated, and it is an open question whether the ballad-maker borrowed from the dramatist, or the dramatist from the ballad-maker. Editors also deem it advisable to notice two precedents for the introduction of a Jewish hero on the Elizabethan stage. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," which preceded the production of the "Merchant," by a very few years is one; and the other is the play called "The Jew, showne at the Bull, representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and the bloody minds of userers," mentioned in Gosson's *School of Abuse* in 1579. Nothing is known of "The Jew" beyond Gosson's account of it. A third precedent of greater substance than the second has invariably been overlooked by the commentators. I propose to supply the omission here.

There was printed in London in 1584, "as it hath been publiquely played," "a right excellent and famous comedy called The Three Ladies of London . . . Written by R[obert] W[ilson]." In 1851 Mr. J. P. Collier reprinted the play in a volume issued by the Roxburghe Club, and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt added it to his edition of Dodsley in 1874; but neither Mr. Collier nor Mr. Hazlitt examined it in close conjunction with the "Merchant of Venice." The comedy is a tedious production, marking the transition from moral-plays to real dramatic work. The Three Ladies of London are such abstractions as Fame, Love, and Conscience;

and their encounters with other abstractions, like Lucre, Fraud, Usury, Simony, and so forth, constitute the slender plot. Incidentally, all the abuses of London society are exposed, and the morality of the clergy and business-men is denounced with especial vigour. Amid these strange surroundings there suddenly appears one Mercatore, an Italian merchant, who speaks broken English, traffics in expensive luxuries imported from abroad, and buys up, for exportation, the staple produce of the nation. The scene of the comedy passes for the most part in London, but it is in a few instances transferred to Turkey. There Mercatore puts in an appearance with a view to replenishing his stock of jewels for the English market. A Jew named Gerontus meets him in the street, and reproaches him with having left the country in order to avoid the payment of a debt. "You know," says the Jew,

> "I lent you two thousand ducats for three months' space,
> And ere the time came you got another thousand by flattery and thy smooth face,
> So when the time came, that I should have received my money
> You were not to be found, but was fled out of the country."

After much altercation, Gerontus allows the merchant another five days; but they expire without result. Then, according to the stage direction, "Enter Mercatore, reading a letter to himself; and let Gerontes, the Jew, follow him, and speak as followeth." Gerontus opens the attack thus:

> "Signor Mercatore, why do you not pay me? think you, I will be mock'd in this sort?
> This three times you have flouted me: it seems you make thereat a sport.
> Truly pay me my money, and that even now presently,
> Or by mighty Mahomet I swear I will forthwith arrest ye."

The merchant is abusive and obdurate, and the Jew places him under arrest. A suit is instituted, and Gerontus and Mercatore appear before a judge. The defendant clothes himself "in Turkish weeds," to indicate his intention of turning Mohammedan—a process which, according to Turkish law, frees him from all debt. Gerontus, in answer to the "learned judge," briefly states his complaint. The judge points out that if Mercatore is willing to be converted, his creditors cannot recover their debts. "Most true, reverend judge, we may not," replied Gerontus; and the merchant pleads that he has turned Turk. But, before he has finished repeating after the judge a formal renunciation of Christianity, Gerontus interrupts:—

> "Stay there, most puissant Judge.—Signor Mercatore, consider what you do.
> Pay me the principal, as for the interest I forgive it you. . . .
> *Merc.* No point da interest, no point da principal.
> *Geront.* Then pay me now half, if you will not pay me all.
> *Merc.* No point da half, no point denier; me will be a Turk, I say,
> Me be weary of my Christ's religion."

Finally, Gerontus confesses himself shocked by the merchant's dishonest conversion, and, rather than be a party to it, releases him from the debt. Mercatore then returns to his old faith, much to the judge's chagrin, and privately congratulates himself on cheating the Jew of his money. The judge adds, "Jews seek to excel in Christianity and Christians in Jewishness," and the scene closes.

It is absurd to imagine that Shakspere was under any real obligation to these crude scenes, but it is almost certain that he was acquainted with them. The piece was reprinted in 1592, and was still popular then. Gerontus's praises of the judge, the Jew's resentment of the merchant's flouts and his orders for his debtor's arrest, suggest incidents in the "Merchant"; and Gerontus's "three thousand ducats at three months" is Shylock's loan. The exact term and amount are not met with elsewhere. In Fiorentino, the Jew lends 10,000 ducats, and the time of repayment is not specified. In the ballad the sum is 100 crowns for a twelvemonth and a day. Unlike his successors, the author of "The Three Ladies," is distinctly favourable to the Jew.

The old play seems to throw a little light on the date of the ballad of "Gernutus the Jew." Gernutus and Gerontus are nearly identical names, neither of which is known elsewhere. It would seem that either the ballad-maker obtained the name from the play or the playwright from the ballad. This is strong presumptive evidence in favour of the theory that the ballad was written either before or while the play was in the full tide of popularity (1584-1592). It would in either case be earlier than the "Merchant," and should therefore be reckoned among the origins of Shakspere's comedy.

Critics have often expressed themselves puzzled by Shakspere's choice of a Jew for the hero of his comedy. They have assumed, with Mr. J. R. Green and other historians, that no Jews set foot in England between 1290 and 1655. I have more than once shown, in the ACADEMY and elsewhere, that Elizabethan England was not free from Jews. Very recently I noted, in one of Mr. Bullen's "Old Plays" ("Everie Woman in her Humour," 1609), the advice, "You may hire a good suit at a Jewes," tendered by one citizen's wife to another, who was ambitious of going to court. Such an expression suggests that the Jews were pursuing in London, under Elizabeth and James I., a characteristic vocation. To multiply instances of Jewish characters on the stage removes all difficulties as to Shakspere's choice, besides confirming the theory that he had opportunities of personally studying Jewish life in London.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

THE GLOSSES IN HARLEIAN MS. 1802.

London: April 20, 1887.

The Harleian MS. 1802 is a small quarto consisting of 156 folios, written at Armagh in the year 1139. Its principal contents are a Latin text of the four Gospels. But it also contains four Irish poems, and several Irish quatrains and notes, all in the handwriting of the scribe, Mael-Brigte hua Mael-uanaig. Most of these have been published, with translations ("from the accurate pen of Mr. Eugene Curry"), by Bishop Reeves, in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Irish Academy, v. 45-67. I have just found that the MS. also contains a number of glosses in twelfth-century Irish, which he seems to have overlooked, and of which the following are the most important:

Fo. 1, a, .1. diuersa .1. *sain engraib cac libuir* (gl. Tot enim sunt pene exemplaria, quot codices), "different (is the) copy of each book." Here *engraib*, like Welsh *anghraifft*, is borrowed from ἀντιγραφή.

1, b, *amal folinta cumbri mairc o matha* (gl. addita sunt). "As Mark's brevities have been supplied by Matthew."

2, b, *osortaig* (gl. ex minio).

6, a, *tossac tinscetail* euangeli (gl. initium principii.

11, b, *o inde bliadain* (gl. a bimatu): *débliadan* "biennium," a *dvigu*-compound;

ón (gl. ploratus). This word still lives in the interjection *och-ón*.

19, a, *indaltigib* (gl. in sinagogis).

22, b, bottom margin, on what purports to be an extract from Priscian: *lagim* (gl. iaceo), *laim* (gl. iacio), *benaim* (gl. icco), *trascraim* (gl. deicco).

25, b, *cridin* (gl. corculus): leg. *cridín*, a diminutive of *cride* = κραδίη.

28, a, *renaiter* (gl. ueniunt, leg. ueneunt): *renaim* = πέρνημι.

37, a, *inna baclaim*, top margin: *inna bacláim* (gl. debiles).

37, a, *emem* (gl. ergo).

47, b, *féran* l. *incomain* (gl. mentam).

48, b, *dosanais* (gl. secreto). The nom. sg. *sanas* is = Corn. *hanas*.

55, b, *cosmert* (gl. signum).

68, b, *o assaib* (gl. sandalis): nom. sg. *assa*, an early loan from Teut. **hosan*, O.H.G. *hosâ*.

127, a, *staígthi* (gl. assi l. assati): the gen. sg. masc. of the pret. part. passive of *stáigim*, a loan from the Old-Norse *steikja* "to roast." The cognate noun, *staic*, "steak" (Old-Norse *steik*), seems to occur four times in *MacConglinni's Vision*, Lebar Brecc, p. 219, col. 2). It still lives (as *staoig*) in the Highlands.

It is hardly necessary to say that the volume of *Proceedings* above mentioned contains several specimens of that curious dialect found only in the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, the Brehon Law Commissioners, Mr. Skene and Mr. W. K. Sullivan. For example:

EDITION.	CODEX.
P. 48, l. 6, cen imraid	caemráid
52, l. 8, Gar iumcumair	garu-imcumair (*i.e.* garbh-i.)
53, l. 3, dom mir cumtha	domm-[f]ir cu*m*tha
53, l. 19, láimcladib ("A sword-girt hand," p. 13)	lánn cladib (a sword's blade)
54, l. 3, demneirc	cenmeirc
54, l. 7, can breit	canbréic
58, l. 23, Sa lis a tend ("In the court her power," p. 59)	Salisa tend (Salisa—the name given by the Irish to Salome*—the severe)
60, l. 23, icdh	is*ed*

But perhaps the most characteristic specimen of the dialect now referred to is in p. 61 of the volume of *Proceedings* above mentioned. I add the published translation:

Mañ. Erit enim. hē. orate Tribulatio .1. ut mater filium comedat in obsessa ciuitate .1. Maria nomen eius .1. ar cia ba mor diliu tossaig domain moian romboi ocus is oen pian ro boi inti bid andsu din dilpiantaib crist .ɪɪɪɪ. annis et dimedio ocus bitilarda iapianai ocus andiglai.	"Manchan. Erit enim. hyeme. orate. Tribulatio, i.e. ut mater filium comedat in obsessa civitate, i.e. Maria nomen ejus, i.e. for, though great the loveliness of the beginning of the world, greater was the pain [i.e. the deluge] that came on it; but it was only one pain that came on it. The many pains of Christ were more intense .ɪɪɪɪ. annis et dimedio, and the pains and vengeance for them shall be more numerous and intense."

What really stands in the MS. (fol. 49, bottom margin) is as follows, the quotations being from Matth. xxiv. 20, 21, and the allusions to Deut. xxviii. 53 and Josephus' *Wars*, vi. 3, 4:

Man*chán*. Erit enim. h*iem*e. orate. Tribulatio .1 ut mater filium comedat in obsessa ciuitate .1. Maria nomen eius .1. *arciaba mor diliu tossaig domain nician romboi* 7 *is*	Manchán†: *Orate* (autem ut non fiat fuga uestra in) *hieme. Erit enim* (tunc) *tribulatio* (magna qualis non fuit ab initio mundi), *i.e.* so that a mother whose name is

* She is called Saliusa in a note to the Calendar of Oengus, at August 29.

† The name, apparently, of some Irish commentator on the Scriptures.

oenpian robei inti bidandsu didiu *diliu antcrist* .III. annis et dimedio 7 *bit ilardai apianai* 7 *andiglai.*	Mary shall devour her son in a besieged city, *i.e.* for though great was the flood at the beginning of the world, not for long did it abide, and it is (only) one pain that was therein. More grievous, then, will be the flood of Antichrist, for three years and a half; and numerous will be their pains and their vengeances.

The mention of three and a half years (= the forty-two months of Rev. xiii. 5) seems to show that Manchán regarded the Apocalyptic Beast as identical with Antichrist.

Though it has not been possible to speak with approval of the texts and translations printed in the *Proceedings* under notice, the annotations, like everything published by Bishop Reeves, are learned, accurate, and distinguished by a *concinnitas* as rare as it is delightful in archaeological writings. WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—In my letter in the ACADEMY of May 7, on "One of the Sources of the *Historia Britonum*," p. 326, col. 3, ll. 12-13, *for* "Patricio" *read* "Patricius."

KING KNUT AND KNUTSFORD.

London: May 4, 1887.

It may interest your readers to know that the town of Knutsford, lately visited by the Prince of Wales on his way to Manchester, still keeps up an old custom from the days of King Knut—that of making patterns in white sand on the cobbles of the street. The origin of this custom, which was observed on the occasion of the visit of the Prince, but is usually reserved for weddings, is that when Knut crossed the brook he sat down on the further shore to shake out the sand from his shoes, and while he was doing this a wedding party passed by. He then wished them joy, and strewed the sand before them saying—"May you have as many children as there are grains of sand." I have often seen half-moons and other devices before a house in Knutsford, showing that a wedding had taken place. B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

P.S.—Some of your readers may like to be reminded that Knutsford is the burial-plaee of Mrs. Gaskell, and that she passed much of her youth there. She has depicted it as Cranford, and (in *Wives and Daughters*) as Hollingford. Tatton (where the Prince and Princess of Wales have been staying) is the Cumnor of the later novel, where the garden as it still is and the garden-parties of Mrs. Gaskell's youth are described.

THE FITZMAURICES OF IRELAND.

It would be very foolish of any one to feel offended because Mr. Fagan said that the FitzMaurices are "aliens" to Ireland. But I am glad to see that he admits that the vast majority of Irish people agree with me in believing that the word cannot properly be applied to them or to their FitzGerald cousins. Mr. Freeman and the Duke of Argyle both note the tendency of the old English or Anglo-Norman colonists of Scotland and Ireland to sink their nationality in that of the native races of their adopted countries. Thomas Davis indulged in no poetical license regarding the love of the Geraldines for the Irish, and the devotion of the Irish to the Geraldines. Whether the Fitzgerald and FitzMaurice policy was always wise or noble is quite another question, which I did not undertake to discuss. What I did undertake was to decide, on the testimony of the patent facts of Irish history and genealogy, *not* whether those families helped to "perpetuate the worst evils of the tribal system," as Mr. Fagan asserts they did, but the much simpler question whether they were looked upon as "aliens" by the tribes, and whether the marriage of the twenty-first Baron of Kerry with Sir William Petty's daughter, who had an Irish estate worth about £5,000 a year, turned these long descended Irish barons and their descendants into Hampshire men. The said facts as related by the Irish annalists and the old English chroniclers indisputably prove that the FitzMaurices or MacMorrishes, as the Irish called them, were not looked on as aliens in Ireland since 1200 at least.

Mr. Fagan can hardly argue that this testimony is to be set aside because Arthur Young regretted that in 1770 the second Earl of Shelburne was then an absentee from his native country. His father, the first earl, as I have already pointed out, was also born in Ireland; but as a younger brother of the twenty-second Earl of Kerry (who was *not* an absentee) he inherited their mother's English estates, and was, therefore, for some years absent from Ireland. Yet he resided there for a considerable time, and was governor of Kerry and an Irish Privy Councillor. The second earl also resided there for some years; but, being an officer in the army and aide-de-camp to George III., and subsequently Prime Minister, he was obliged to live much in England. Yet he frequently visited Kerry; and Lord Edmund FitzMaurice's book, giving his journals and his letters from the county, shows that he took a great interest in it. In one of those letters Lord Shelburne complains that the land which he had given to his tenants rent free for a certain number of years, on condition that they reclaimed it, was rendered virtually useless to them, by the extortionate amount of tithe levied on it at once by the clergymen of the then Established Protestant Church. Had those tenants been Protestants the hardship would have been less; but they were Roman Catholics who had also to pay dues to their own priests. This occurred in the wilds of Iveragh and Dunkerron in the neighbourhood of Daniel O'Connell's birthplace, and no doubt had much to do with influencing the sectarian character of his political agitation in later years.

Mr. Fagan must pardon my saying that it is quite evident that he has not studied the history of Ireland and its chief families for himself, but has trusted to the worthless second-hand evidence of ignorant partisan orators and writers. Otherwise, he could have hardly made such mistakes as this about the FitzMaurice "aliens," and the following still stranger one. In his last letter, he says:

"Except the attempt of James FitzMaurice in 1579, I can find no deed attributed to the Lords of Kerry which deserves to be called even quasi patriotic."

Mr. Fagan appears to believe that this James, called in the state papers the arch traitor, was a Lord Kerry, but he was not a FitzMaurice at all. He was a Geraldine, and always signed himself, "James de Geraldinis." His real name was James Fitz (or Mac) Maurice FitzGerald, and he was the son of Maurice FitzGerald, the younger brother of James, the fourteenth Earl of Desmond. This Maurice, called by the Irish *Maurish a Tothane*, or "Maurice the Firebrand," had murdered his cousin, the thirteenth Earl of Desmond, in order to obtain the title and estates for his (Maurice's) eldest brother James. His son, James de Geraldinis, walked very faithfully in the Firebrand's footsteps, and brought a band of Spanish filbusters and Italian bandits (released for the work from their Italian jails, where they lay under sentence of death) to invade Ireland in 1579. That many of his countrymen and co-religionists deeply distrusted him, and looked upon his attempt as not even "quasi patriotic," may be known from the fact that they killed him soon after his landing in Kerry, some months before Raleigh cut to pieces his Spanish and Italian contingent at Smerwick in that county. Sir John Hennessy and other writers on Raleigh lament over the fate of this contingent, as though it consisted of high-souled and honourable soldiers, the plain truth, as shown even in Philip O'Sullivan's Catholic history, being that the Italians were the sweeping of Italian gaols, who, if they had not perished by Raleigh's sword, would have perished by the hangman in their own country, while King Philip, truly or untruly, disowned the Spanish portion of the invaders.

As regards Mr. Fagan's charge against Lord Lansdowne's agent concerning the "Aberdeen" incident, I think there, too, he has been misinformed. Those who know my native county of Kerry, as I do, for sixty years know that the increased and increasing prosperity of the town of Kenmare and its neighbourhood witnesses strongly in Lord Lansdowne's favour, and in favour of his intelligent and industrious Irish tenants—Roman Catholic and Protestant. MARY HICKSON.

THOMAS KYD.

London: April 11, 1887.

The biography of this early dramatist seems involved in much obscurity. Could he be identical with "Thomas Kydd, son of Francis, scrivener," who was admitted into Merchant Taylors' School, October 26, 1565? If so, he would have been contemporary there with the poet Spenser, and possibly with Lodge, the dramatist, who was admitted March 23, 1570-1. Kydd's name appears in my *Register* (vol. i., p. 9), but without a note.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 16, 4 p.m. Asiatic: Anniversary Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Chemistry of Substances taking part in Putrefaction and Antisepsis," III., by Dr. J. M. Thompson.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Ultimate Questions of Philosophy," by Dr. A. Bain.
8.30 p.m. Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition: "Rise and Development of Synogogue Music," with Musical Illustrations, by the Rev. F. L. Cohen.

TUESDAY, May 17, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Modern Physiology of the Brain and its Relation to the Mind," I., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets (School Board Division), their Condition and Occupations," by Mr. Charles Booth.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The West Indies at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition," by Sir Augustus Adderley.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Manufacture of Salt near Middlesbrough," by Sir Lowthian Bell.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Revision of the Sub-family *Libellulinae*, with Descriptions of new Genera and Species," by Mr. W. F. Kirby; "The Hume Collection of Birds," III., by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe; "The Presence of a Canal-System, evidently Sensory, in the Shields of Pteraspidian Fishes," by Mr. A. Smith-Woodward.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "Historical Ethics," by Prof. Mandell Creighton.

WEDNESDAY, May 18, 4 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "A Discussion of some of the most Important Various Readings in the *Divina Commedia*," III., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Progress in Telegraphy," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

THURSDAY, May 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of the Organic World," V., by Prof. Dewar.
4 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "A Discussion of some of the most Important Various Readings in the *Divina Commedia*," IV., by the Rev. Dr E. Moore.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The Formation of Hyponitrites," by Messrs. Wyndham R. Dunstan and T. S. Dymond; "Ozone from Pure Oxygen," by Messrs. W. A. Shenstone and J. T. Cundall; "Thermal Results of Neutralisation and their Bearing on the Nature of Solution, and the Theory of Residual Valency," by Mr. S. U. Pickering;

"The Action of Metallic Alkylates on Mixtures of Ethereal Salts and Alcohols," by Prof. Purdie.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, May 20, 8 p.m. Philological: Anniversary Meeting: Presidential Address, "The Primitive Area of the Aryans," by Prof. Sayce.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Bridging the Firth of Forth," by Mr. B. Baker.
SATURDAY, May 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Victorian Literature," II., by Prof. J. W. Hales.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

THE MAHĀVANSA.

IT is well known that Turnour's edition of the Mahāvansa, or Great Chronicle, written in Pāli, in Ceylon, has long been out of print. As it has rightly been termed the pivot of Indian history, a new and more accurate edition is urgently required, and Dr. Steinthal of Berlin has undertaken the work. This will be published by the Pāli Text Society; and Prof. Rhys Davids will furnish a revised translation with notes and indices.

Turnour had published only the original chronicle as composed by Mahā Nāma, the uncle of King Dhatu Sena (A.D. 459), adding, however, the two subsequent chapters doubtfully ascribed to the same hand. These appeared in the second edition of his work published in 1837, containing 3,300 verses in thirty-eight chapters. Of the first edition, containing twenty chapters only, in small octavo, very few copies reached Europe; and it would probably be impossible now to procure a copy at all. The latter portions of the Chronicle, added at different times by different hands, and raising the total extent of the work to at least ten thousand verses in ninety-seven chapters, were edited for the Ceylon Government, in 1887, by the distinguished native scholars, Sumangala and Batuwan Tudāwa, with a translation into Sinhhalese. Of the part comprised in this edition, another native scholar of eminence, L. C. Wijesinha Mudaliyar, is preparing a translation into English for the Ceylon Government, and has already accomplished more than half of the work. Of these latter portions, the most important are those which deal at great length with the reigns of Parākrama Bāhu the Great (1153) and Parākrama Bāhu the Scholar (1266). The former of these two episodes occupies more than three thousand verses, and gives a full account of the invasion and conquest of Penang and of South India by the then King of Ceylon. The latter occupies nearly a thousand verses, and gives a full account of the invasion of Ceylon by the Malays, about A.D. 1270. Of the other chapters, dealing rather summarily with the intermediate kings, Prof. Rhys Davids has already published two, the thirty-ninth and forty-third with English translations, in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1872 and 1874. While the many other historical works in the Pāli literature of Ceylon still remain unedited, it is gratifying to be able to record that we may thus expect before long to have the most important of them (the Great Chronicle) before us in its entirety, both in Pāli and in English.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF NAUKRATIS.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge: April 30, 1887.

The inscriptions discovered by Mr. Petrie at Naukratis in 1884-85, and published in *Naukratis*, vol. i., have already aroused attention in Germany. The view of them which I expressed in that volume has met with some opposition on the part of Prof. Kirchhoff and Prof. Hirschfeld. I did not expect or desire that the opinions I adopted should escape criticism, especially considering their somewhat revolutionary character. But, with all due deference to so high authorities, I venture to doubt whether the old and accepted view of the early Ionic alphabet can be yet regarded as re-established.

I will first consider Prof. Hirschfeld's theory, as it is the more fully expressed and is worked out in a paper printed in the *Rheinisches Museum*, xlii., pp. 209-225. He accepts the statement of Herodotus that Amasis gave Naukratis to the Greeks to live in. But he holds that before the time of that king, though the Milesians and others may have held fortified posts elsewhere in Egypt, Naukratis was an Egyptian town. With the reign of Amasis the scarabs cease, and the Greek inscriptions begin. Thus the series of Naukratite inscriptions, in Prof. Hirschfeld's opinion, does not begin before 560 B.C.; and those of Abu-Simbel still retain their position as the earliest specimens of the Ionic alphabet. At first sight this theory seems plausible; but there is one fatal objection to it—the scarabs from the factory are not Egyptian scarabs at all, but are imitations made by foreigners for the foreign market. Now, from the names of Egyptian kings found upon these scarabs, it is evident, as Prof. Hirschfeld acknowledges, that they were buried before the accession of Amasis, for his name does not occur on them, and the names of his predecessors are found. But, together with the scarabs were found buried numerous fragments of Greek pottery, of various early styles (*Naukratis*, i., p. 22); hence it is clear that the foreigners who made the scarabs were Greeks, or at least that there were Greeks at Naukratis before the accession of Amasis. On the other hand, not the slightest trace has been discovered at Naukratis of any non-Hellenic settlement in early times.

I fully accept the statement of Herodotus; but, if carefully viewed, it seems inconsistent with Prof. Hirschfeld's theory. Had there been no Greeks at Naukratis before Amasis, it is most improbable that the Milesians, who were certainly among the most important of the colonists, would have had no share in the Hellenion. This difficulty disappears if we supplement the statement of Herodotus from the tradition, given by Strabo and others, that the Milesians founded Naukratis in the reign of Psammetichus I. When the new colonists were foisted in upon them by Amasis, they stood aloof, and kept to their old sanctuary. And if they were there, there is no reason against their having dedicated vases in the seventh century.

Prof. Hirschfeld's explanation of the strange forms we meet with is practically the same as Prof. Kirchhoff's, published in the new edition of his *Studien*. Both alike would refer them merely to the individual peculiarities or carelessness of the writers. It is unprofitable to argue upon *a priori* grounds what is possible and what is not; but an appeal to analogy is useful. In the temenos of Aphrodite at Naukratis an extensive series of dedications has been found, just like that which, in Prof. Kirchhoff's view, has been discovered in the temenos of Apollo; yet in that series there are no instances whatever of such extraordinary forms, nor have I seen any among the incised dedications in the acropolis at Athens. Again, it is all but incredible that the only abnormal forms that occur should be just those that are transitional between the derived Greek alphabet and its earlier originals.

I may add a few words in explanation. I still think it probable that the earliest inscriptions go back to about 650 B.C.; but this is an inference from the testimony of excavation for which Mr. Petrie is originally responsible, though my subsequent acquaintance with the site has led me to place great reliance in his methods and their results. All I can assert on epigraphic and technical evidence is this: there is an unbroken series of inscriptions from the dedication of Polemarchus to that of Phanes, *i.e.*, from the reign of Amasis (or perhaps earlier) to the Persian conquest. Before Polemarchus, and at a considerable interval, hardly of less than fifty years, are inscriptions which still appear to me the earliest specimens of the Ionic alphabet. These I would assign to the earliest Milesian settlement of Naukratis, before Amasis gave the town to other Greeks also. To my view of the Abu Simbel inscriptions I have nothing to add: it stands or falls with the rest of my theory.

In conclusion, I desire to express my thanks to Profs. Kirchhoff and Hirschfeld for the valuable help which their criticism affords, thus appearing before my work is completed. I should be glad if their theories would afford a satisfactory solution for all the problems that are raised; but as yet they seem to me to be open to graver objections than beset the opinion which I before maintained.

ERNEST A. GARDNER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. VICTOR HORSLEY will give the first of a course of three lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "The Modern Physiology of the Brain and its Relation to the Mind," on Tuesday, May 17.

MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN & CO. have just issued the fifth and concluding part of the supplement to Gould's Monograph of the Trochilidae, or Humming Birds.

MR. E. T. NEWTON, of the Geological Survey, has published a pamphlet entitled "A Classification of Animals: being a Synopsis of the Animal Kingdom, with especial Reference to the Fossil Forms." (Philip & Son.) This synopsis was originally drawn up as a supplement to Mr. H. B. Woodward's *Geology of England and Wales*, and having been revised for the new edition of that work is now reprinted in independent form. The basis of the classification adopted is due to Prof. Huxley. By the use of different styles of type the reader distinguishes at once between recent and fossil genera, and among the fossils cited sees which genera occur in the rocks of Britain. The pamphlet is, therefore, of especial value to students of palaeontology.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Tuesday, April 26.*)

FRANCIS GALTON, ESQ., president, in the chair.—Mr. R. A. Cunningham exhibited some aboriginal Australians from North Queensland. The party consisted of a man, a woman, and a boy. They sang a corroboree song, and successfully showed the manner of throwing the boomerang.—Mr. C. H. Read read a paper on the ethnological bearings of the stone spinning-top of New Guinea, in which he gave a description of some spinning-tops recently presented to the British Museum.—Lieut. F. Elton read some extracts from "Notes on Natives of the Solomon Islands," obtained by him in reply to questions addressed to the solitary European resident on one of the islands.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, April 27.*)

THE president in the chair.—Miss Mary Paul read a paper on "Ballads." Ballads form an important part of the unwritten literature of Western Europe, so far as it has come down to us; and a striking similarity exists between those of the various countries. Of two main theories as to the origin of ballads, propounded to explain this similarity, the one refers them to a remote antiquity, to the time when the peoples who now possess them formed one nation. This theory was at first confined to the case of English and Danish ballads; but even in this restricted shape it does not explain the similarity of literary

form, Anglo-Saxon poetry being quite different in form from the ballad. The other theory, arguing from the fact that the source of most ballads, as we now possess them, lies in the Norman fabliaux of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, considers that the ballad is a special form taken by the metrical romance then popular. Ballads were sung by the minstrels either in the halls of the nobles or to the common people, who joined in the singing and danced to them—a custom still kept up in the Faroe Islands. The great popularity of the ballad in England is shown by the number which were printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though they were neglected by literary men during the "Classical" period; and it was not till the appearance of Percy's *Reliques* that the interest in them began to revive. For our versions we have to rely either on MSS. or on oral tradition. Most of their characteristics are accounted for by the fact of their being improvised, and sung or chanted to a musical accompaniment. This is the case with the irregularity of rhythm. Other noticeable characteristics are the refrains, the liking for repetition, and conventionality in description, and the use of stereotyped phrases, especially in ending.

(*Annual Public Meeting, Tuesday, May 3.*)

THE president in the chair.—Mr. Leslie Stephen read a paper on "English Novels." He examined the development of the English novel, with a view to discovering the nature, and if possible, the remedy for its apparent decline in the present day. The novel was developed early in the eighteenth century, and gradually took the place of the stage. Of the first great novelists, Defoe was originally a journalist. His discovery of the use of fiction in this profession led him to the novel. The peculiar characteristic of *Robinson Crusoe*, which Dickens complained had no power over our tears or laughter, is the hero's and writer's unconsciousness of their own natures, the object aimed at by the latter being an appearance of truth. Richardson, who also told stories pretending to truth, but taking the form of lengthy correspondence, and resembling as it were gigantic tracts, incidentally introduced "sentiment"—pathetic and religious. The reader's comments were provided by the author. Fielding, who at first attempted drama, gave us the first examples of the real English novel. Abandoning the narrow sentimentality of Richardson, he drew a comprehensive picture of life and manners, with a free hand, and a taste somewhat coarse. Scott, the next great writer, was not merely a romancer—many of his best novels are dull as stories—but he was historical, giving a picture of the growth of society. Passing to the later development of the novel, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot give an accurate description of the life of their time. Thackeray paints the vanities of "high life"; Dickens tells of the lower classes, and preaches "genial philanthropy"; George Eliot, representing the intellectual circumstances of the age, depicts the position of women, and the gradual change in social conditions. The principles which critics at present hold as to the writing of novels seem to be in a somewhat chaotic state. There are several schools of critics at war with each other, and several schools of novelists—the school who excel in psychological analysis of character in ordinary life; the school of mere story-tellers; the school of didactic writers; the idealists and the realists. The last claim the right to give a faithful representation of the truth—right or wrong; the idealists would have fiction fictitious, and representing typical characters in an ideal world. The two systems are not incompatible. It is, moreover, narrow to condemn sensationalism. Those who condemn this method are as severe on the philosophical. The great novelists often have a deliberate didactic purpose. The coming man will combine all these methods—exciting our sympathies, combining realism and idealism, telling an exciting story, not drawing abstract conclusions, nor shrinking from making his own comments, not taking a morbid view of life, and attempting to be above all interesting and instructive. Till he comes, we should enjoy the entertainment others afford us, for entertainment is one of the most valuable things in life.

ZOOLOGICAL.—(*Anniversary Meeting, Thursday, April 28.*)

PROF. FLOWER, president, in the chair.—After some preliminary business, the report of the council on the proceedings of the society during the year 1886 was read by the secretary, Mr. P. L. Sclater. It stated that the number of fellows on January 1, 1887, was 3,146, showing a decrease of forty-seven as compared with the corresponding period in 1886. The total receipts for 1886 had amounted to £25,787, showing a decrease of £22 as compared with the previous year. This slight decrease was mainly due to the falling off in the number of fellows, and consequently of the receipts from subscriptions. The balance brought from 1885 was £972, making a total of £26,759 available for the expenditure of 1886. The ordinary expenditure for 1886 had been £24,438. Besides an extraordinary expenditure of £129 had been incurred, which brought up the total expenditure for the year to £24,567. The usual scientific meetings had been held during the session, and a large number of valuable communications had been received upon every branch of zoology. These had been published in the annual volume of *Proceedings* for 1886, which contained 716 pages, illustrated by 60 plates. Besides this, five parts of the twelfth volume of the society's quarto *Transactions* had been issued, thus making up all the arrears in this branch of the publications. A new edition of the library catalogue had also been prepared and issued. The society's library now contained about 15,000 volumes. The *Zoological Record*, which consisted of an annual volume containing a summary of the work done in the various branches of zoology in each year, would in future be published by the society under the superintendence of a committee of the council, appointed for the purpose, and edited by Mr. F. E. Beddard, prosector to the society. The visitors to the society's gardens during the year 1886 had been altogether 639,674. The corresponding number in 1885 was 659,896. A slight alteration in the arrangements for the Davis lectures on zoological subjects had been made for the present year. Mr. F. E. Beddard, prosector to the society, has been appointed Davis lecturer, and had commenced a course of ten lectures on "The Classification of Vertebrate Animals." The lectures were a continuation of a series given last year in connexion with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The number of animals in the society's collection on December 31 last was 2,609, of which 777 were mammals, 1,429 birds, and 403 reptiles. Among the additions made during the past year fifteen were specially commented upon as of remarkable interest, and in most cases as representing species new to the society's collection. About thirty species of mammals, twenty of birds, and three of reptiles had been bred in the society's gardens during the summer of 1886.—Sir Joseph Fayrer, John P. Gassiot, Col. James A. Grant, Prof. A. Newton, and Joseph Travers Smith were elected into the council in place of the retiring members, and Prof. W. H. Flower was re-elected president, Charles Drummond, treasurer, and Philip Lutley Sclater, secretary, for the ensuing year.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(*Monday, May 2.*)

S. H. HODGSON, ESQ., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. S. Alexander in illustration of Hegel's *Rechtsphilosophie*. The points in Hegel's doctrine which he selected for illustration were the conception of morality (*Sittlichkeit*) as a body of rational usage, and the distinction of this from individual morality (*Moralität*).—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ROYAL ASIATIC.—(*Extra Meeting, Monday, May 2.*)

SIR THOMAS WADE, vice-president, in the chair. —Surgeon-General W. H. Bellew read extracts from his "Notes on the Names borne by some of the Tribes of Afghanistan." The paper entered into the question of similarity between these names and those of the tribes mentioned by Herodotus and other classical writers, many examples being supplied. Reference was made, moreover, to the theory that the word "Afghan" was derived from the written form of the Armenian word pronounced by the Armenians "Alwán," and by their western neighbours "Albán," and by those eastward "Aghván."—Sir Henry Rawlinson objected to the principle adopted in arriving at the conclusions, but acknowledged the pains that had been taken to put before the society a subject of considerable interest.—Dr. Stein followed with some appropriate remarks and illustrations, and thanks were given to Dr. Bellew for his paper. It was announced that the anniversary meeting would be held on May 16.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, May 6.*)

THE REV. D. RICHARD MORRIS, in the chair.—Mr. Alexander J. Ellis read his "Second Report on Dialectal Work." His first report concerned the Southern, Western and Eastern divisions, his present report dealt with the Midland and Northern divisions, so that now his account of the "Existing Phonology of English Dialects"; was complete for the whole of England, and he produced the MS., which only required final revision to be ready for press in October. The Lowland Scotch division was in a such a forward state of preparation that Mr. Ellis was able to give an account of its intended contents. His abridgment, under the name of "English Dialects—their Sounds and Homes," for the English Dialect Society, was also written up for the whole of England. The maps of the English and Lowland districts intended to illustrate these books were printed off, and copies were shown to the meeting. The printing of the books themselves would be long and difficult, so that it was not possible to assign a date for publication further than probably about Christmas this year.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

DESPITE the best picture that Mr. Halié has yet painted, those who seek the Grosvenor for the sake of artists whose names are specially associated with it will be disappointed. What merit the collection has, as a whole (and this is not great), does not proceed from the works of those who chiefly exhibit here, nor even from artists of the greatest fame; and it is not in "the places of honour," nor in the most ambitious canvasses, that the most satisfactory work is to be seen. Here, as at the Academy, it is painful to see artists, who have long and deservedly been the favourites of the public, failing to rise to their usual level. It is no pleasant thing to feel that the best that can be said of Sir John Millais is that his portrait of "Lord Esher" (58) is better than that of "Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley" (51), and that the painting of the robes of the Master of the Rolls is very clever. Tried by his former triumphs in this gallery, the work of Mr. Albert Moore is equally decadent. A year or two ago he would not have been satisfied with the uncertain drawing of "A Decorator" (5), or the unhappy colour of "William Connall, Esq., Jun., of Solsgirth" (123). If no failure of faculty is observable in the work of Mr. Holman Hunt, the terrible tightness of his drawing, the scarifying glare of his colour, have seldom been more unpleasantly obvious than in his "Amaryllis" (119). Not only here, but elsewhere, are signs that many artists who once pleased us much will please us less and less, and that some will never please us any more. And it is with no small delight that we see, in the midst of so much decrepitude, the hand of Mr. Watts, not, indeed, as firm, but as spirited as ever, capable of producing such finely imaginative design—such radiant colour—as in the realisation of his noble vision of the "Judgment of Paris" (57). Yet the sight of this picture is, in one sense, more discouraging. If not quite to supply the

place of some other artists, at least to give us something as good, if not better, we may look with confidence to the rising men; but who is to take the place of Mr. Watts? Not as a portrait painter do we think of him now, but as a painter of classic legend and the nude, with a perception of beauty which, in its simplicity and manliness, accords with the spirit of classical poetry, and with a colour that, at least, reminds us of Venice. Of such a successor there is no sign anywhere, and, if anywhere, certainly not here. We shall not find him in Mr. Poynter, highly skilled painter though he be; not in Mr. Richmond, with all his skill in drawing and effective composition; not in Mr. Calderon, despite his prettiness; not in Mr. John Collier, despite his sure hand. To remove the human form to a region beyond the vision of daily life seems impossible to the artist of to-day except with the aid of affectation. Most artists cannot get beyond their model; the rest, like Mr. Burne Jones, adopt a type whose charm consists not in its embodiment of universal beauty, but in its departure from ordinary experience. The attraction of such art is like the strange allure of some rare orchid rather than the simple charm of the perfect rose; and though he be the most poetical of modern artists, it is not to Mr. Burne Jones that we must look for anything like the "Daphne" of Watts, or even this "Judgment of Paris." Mr. Burne Jones is in one way one of the most original of artists. He is always entirely different from anyone else (except his followers and his one precursor — Rossetti). Whether this be the highest form of originality is a question; but there is no doubt that it is a form, and an attractive form, of it, so long as the artist does not repeat himself too much. From this fault, especially in types of form and in expression, Mr. Burne Jones is not free; but, on the whole, the variety of his art within its limits is extraordinary. In composition, in colour, in *motif*, he contrives to produce some novelty every year. Except a certain type of face and a certain thoughtful sadness of expression, we never know what to expect from him; and, except for a certain mastery of execution, we never know whether he will please us greatly or not at all. We are sure to be surprised, but whether pleasantly or not is a question. This year we are unpleasantly surprised with his pictures of imagination, pleasantly surprised by a portrait. The themes upon which his imagination has been employed are "The Garden of Pan" (66) and "The Baleful Head" (75), or Perseus showing Andromeda the head of the Gorgon reflected in a marble font. At least Mr. Burne Jones's originality has not failed him. He has invented a new Pan—not a great god Pan, but a little man Pan—a wild, shy creature of nervous temperament, who does not seem over confident of his skill on the pipe. Given the nature, the Pan may be appropriate; and perhaps those who can thoroughly sympathise with the artist's conception may gain a rare joy in looking at the musician and the wan, meagre lovers who are his audience, and the cheerless landscape, with its hues of faded tapestry. Except to such kindred souls, there is even less to attract in the picture of the "Baleful Head"; for here the world, if a little more cheerful in colour, has even less air, and the composition is too obviously artificial, the reflections too palpably false, and the figures too affected, for the picture to appeal to those outside the inner circle of the artist's worshippers. The rest will, perhaps, stay to admire some dexterous piece of handiwork, some felicity of line or colour; but they will pass on relieved to his portrait of a young lady (98) as from a hothouse to the open air. Here they will find more of the beautiful in colour, greater skill in painting, and withal, that spiritual effluence which proceeds from nearly all this artist's work, whether he paints the visions of his soul or the sights that pass before his eyes. The upper part of the figure, with the sweet face and the back of the pretty head reflected in a mirror, is complete in its charm. A picture, by the same artist, of a young girl at full length on a sofa reading a book, is pleasant, but not greatly remarkable (235); and he has also a successful decorative tablet in painted plaster (unnumbered), in which the graceful form and proud character of the peacock are effectively displayed.

There are some pictures here, the largest in size, and one, at least, the most ambitious in subject, with which, to speak gently, our sympathy is very imperfect. Mr. C. W. Mitchell, who made such a brilliant *début* with his picture of "Hypatia," sends a huge composition (166), in which we see one of the bodies of the saints "which slept" appearing after the Resurrection. The figure, a girl, in a luminous white robe, is entering a room where an old couple are seated at night. The feelings which this picture excites in us are, we are afraid, very different from those intended by the artist. We are clearly in the wrong about it, for we wonder why any person should wish to paint it, or why any other should wish to possess it, and yet it has been painted and (we hear) sold. Mr. La Thangue's large picture of a clumsy country girl in a pink dress, discovered sleeping heavily among the rushes or the corn (it is not clear which), and called "The Runaway" (189), is a coarse and stupid piece of work. The sort of thing has been done over and over again, and even when done best, as by Bastien Lepage, was not worth doing. Mr. La Thangue can paint well, and should have a future; but it will be but a poor one if he produces such empty work as this. It is disagreeable to call attention to what seem to us conspicuous failures, and we shall dismiss the rest in a few words. The Hon. John Collier's "Lilith" (27), a naked and very modern woman caressing a huge serpent, is undoubtedly clever, especially in the drawing and painting of the serpent; but the subject is scarcely excusable, and the treatment of it is anything but noble. No similar objection can be made to Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Pelagia and Philammon" (9), but in this case both drawing and colour are bad. Finally Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Pass of Brander, Loch Awe" (193) would be strange if true, which, fortunately, it is not. There are many other large and bad pictures, but the offenders are not of sufficient importance for mention here.

In noticing the works which to us form the attraction of the year, we will begin with the landscapes, if only to mention the last-named artist with honour. Mr. Halswelle's "The Valley of the Greta, Yorkshire" (1) is a very pleasant picture, showing the artist at his best, both in design and colour. It has a place on the line as it deserves, but we regret that we cannot say the same about the hanging of other landscapes. The number of really good pictures of this class at the Grosvenor is considerable; and it is really too bad to sky such painters as T. C. Farrer, T. Hope M'Lachlan, Helcké, John Smart, and Alfred East, in order to find room on the line for some figure and landscape painters who shall be nameless. All things considered, we think the most remarkable landscape this year is Mr. J. W. North's, the finest seascape Mr. Henry Moore's. Mr. North's "An Upland Watermeadow, Somerset—Morning" (185) is not so fine in feeling as Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Rose-red Village," it is not so beautifully composed as Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Going Westward" (48), nor does it contain such expressive brush-work nor such a sense of the capacity of his material as Mr. Mark Fisher's "Evening—November" (296). It is a somewhat featureless picture, empty of interest, devoid of accident or incident; and it aims after an effect and is executed in a manner more appropriate to watercolour. But it is a success notwithstanding, full of space and air, of subtle gradations of tone, perfect in harmony of colour, and luminous throughout; and it is moreover very true, from the water-soaked grass of the foremost slope to the delicious soft tearful blue of the sky. Light as it is in key and delicate in colour, it more than holds its own among the stronger work with which it is surrounded. The artist has another extremely delicate picture of a misty field in "Early Spring" (240). Those who prefer robuster work, more confidence of touch, a more eloquent brush, will find it in the sunsmitten sea of Mr. Henry Moore (180). Mr. North gets his effect; but he gets it with obvious labour, and in spite, rather than by the willing aid, of his materials. Mr. Moore's brush follows his will like a tongue. This splendid picture of blue and white sky, and blue and white sea, flashing one against the other, is not, however, so fine as his great picture at the Academy. You are more conscious of paint, and the blue is not broken with the deep rich green of the unreflecting parts of waves. Mr. Fisher's picture is a relief after his work of recent years. His love of blue reflections was becoming tiresome, and his hand seemed getting lax; but he has pulled himself together, and there is nothing slovenly in the handling, or worrying in the colour, of this beautiful picture, which is finely composed, finely lighted, and really masterly and unmannered in its execution. The cattle are excellent also, and well introduced. The pictures of Mr. Alfred K. Parsons and Mr. Arthur Lemon have the same defect—the skies are not in tone with the earth. If nature ever tolerated such a blue as in Mr. Lemon's "Maremma Pastoral" (10), with such a blue as in the water below, Mr. Lemon, whose friendship with nature is beyond dispute, should not have perpetuated the indiscretion. Mr. Parsons's sky, like the rest of his picture, is finely designed and drawn. As a composition, "Going Westward" is one of the best landscapes of the year. It is full of fine colour also, and keen, fresh observation; and it is a great pity that its rare qualities should be obscured, and its total effect marred, by the blemish we have mentioned. Of Mr. Lemon's "Evening" (129), the design and sentiment are also charming, and the painting of the horses and trees in the half-light admirable. Of Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Rose-red Village in the Twilight Time" (198), the name will suggest the picture to all who know Mr. Hunt's best work—its tender sentiment, its sweet, warm colour, its subtle rendering of light and atmosphere. It is one of the mysteries of this year's hanging why this beautiful picture, by one of the most refined painters of the English school, should be placed in a corner, where it is impossible to get a fair view of it, while places of greater honour are allotted to works of incompetence and vulgarity.

Justice, however, is done to many beautiful landscapes. To the solitary specimen of Signor Costa's genius (133); to Mr. Corbett's lovely "Evening on the Arno" (102); and to their fellow-worker, Mr. Eugene Benson; to Mr. Fahey's fine "Sea Fog blowing o'er Oulton Broad" (205); and Mr. Napier Hemy's vigorous figure and green waters (92 and 181); to Mr. Bartlett's conscientious, but rather chilly, pictures of life and lake and land in Ireland (112 and 187); to Mr. Edgar Barclay's poetical feeling and sweet—perhaps too sweet—colour (165, 194, &c.); to the splendid sketches of that rare colourist, Mr. John Reid (121, 346, 351); to Mr. Ernest Parton's masterly little "Autumn Woods" (113); and to Mr. W. J.

Hennessy's beautifully painted, and delicately-toned, "Summer Evening" (154). These, with Mr. Robert Allan's vigorous "Across the Heath" (161), and Mr. Helcké's large and soundly painted "On the Surrey Hills" (204), are so many witnesses to the strong and varied vitality of the English school of landscape, and are hung where they can be seen to advantage.

In portraits the exhibition is strong. Of Mr. G. D. Richmond's, the one of the Earl of Pembroke (52) is that which, in spite of some defects, will leave perhaps the longest impression, from the fineness of the design, and the distinction of the face and figure. It is only the colour which mars enjoyment of the portraits of Mrs. Moseley (63) and Mrs. David Little (80); and, in his bust of "La Fiammetta" (103), Mr. Richmond has produced a work of singular charm. His "Icarus" (101), brave and ingenious though it be, reminds us that artists also are sometimes tempted to fly. Although we wish the quality of the red background were a little finer, the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Toole (147) is satisfactory, and to his charming portrait of Mrs. Horne we have no objection of any kind to make. Mr. Herkomer's portraits of the Rev. Canon Wilberforce (13), the late Professor Fawcett (29), and Mr. Francis Buxton (76) are all full of life and character, though the colour of the last is unpleasant, and none of them are better than Mr. Carter's portraits, of Sir Richard Brooke (722) and Mrs. C. A. Fyffe (56). Mr. J. J. Shannon's "A Queen of Hearts" (192) is also, we suppose, a portrait, and is remarkable for its elegance, its style, and dashing painting, contrasting in these respects with Mr. Wirgman's rather stiff but carefully modelled "Endora" (195). Without giving the full praise due to Mr. Holl's "Lord Harlech" (54) and other portraits, we must conclude our notice of works of this class.

In taking a last look round we find that we have missed Mr. Boughton's delightful picture called "The Cronies" (20), in which two old French women, one with a most eloquent back, are having a talk over the fire in a cottage interior, painted with great skill; and that we have forgotten "The Shadow of the Saint" (39) by Mr. Philip Burne Jones—a picture of much promise, reminding us of the early work of his father which many years ago startled the visitors of the old Water-colour Society. We have said nothing of Mr. Adrian Stokes's vigorous girl and sheep called "In the Sandhills, Jutland" (49), of Mr. Albert Goodwin's pretty "Bluebell Wood" (50), of Mrs. Alma-Tadema's "Always Welcome" (136), of Miss Anna Alma-Tadema's wonderfully painted interior (60), nor even of Mr. Poynter's finely finished "Corner of the Market Place" (62). We have passed by Mr. Macallum and Mr. David Murray, Mr. G. D. Leslie's pretty "Boat-house" (88), and Mr. Henry Tuke's "A Summer Morning" (94), one of the cleverest pictures here. We have not noticed Mr. Skipworth's "Teresa" (52), nor Mr. Potter's "Quiet Corner" (135), both in their way unexcelled." We should have liked to have said, at least, a word about the work, good if not important, of at least twenty other artists, male and female—a fact that will at least testify that the Grosvenor of 1887, though disappointing on the whole, has a good deal that is interesting. The sculpture is unimportant, though it includes some refined work, mostly portraits, by Messrs. Onslow Ford, Roscoe Mullins, Harry Bates, and others. Mr. Bates's bronze head, called "Rhodope," is surely a portrait. It is finely modelled, but scarcely of ideal beauty. Still less does it suggest a mountain range.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

PROF. MASPERO'S LECTURES AT THE COLLEGE DE FRANCE.

THE *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, which has inexplicably gone to sleep since December, 1884, will wake up with a two-monthly number for May and June, containing a "Bulletin Critique de la Religion Egyptienne" by Prof. Maspero. This takes the form of a review of Sciaparelli's *Libro dei Funerali* and Dümichen's *Grabpalast des Petuamenap*, but is in reality a *résumé* of the first month's lectures recently delivered by Prof. Maspero at the Collège de France. These lectures, which have been largely attended, and have excited much curiosity among scholars, have not been reported. A cursory sketch of their general tenour, which I am enabled to give from proof-sheets, will therefore be welcome to readers of the ACADEMY. I should add that the present "Bulletin" comprises the substance of but one-third part of Prof. Maspero's course, and that it will be followed by two more "Bulletins," completing the series of lectures.

Prof. Maspero has taken for his theme a subject of which we have hitherto known little, and of which it seemed scarcely possible that we should ever know more—namely, the ceremonial rites performed at Egyptian funerals, and on other solemn occasions. The "pyramid-texts," published in the last few volumes of the *Recueil des Travaux*, have furnished us with innumerable prayers and litanies recited at the consecration of tombs, at funeral services, and at memorial services for the dead; but what may be called the rubric is omitted. The prayers and exhortations are there; but we have no clue to the distribution of the parts, to the sacerdotal rank of the officiating priests, to their acts, gestures, and changes of place or garments. During the last ten years, however, some fortunate discoveries of inscriptions and the patient labours of various Egyptologists, have supplied material for filling up these lacunae. In 1877, Signor Sciaparelli discovered the entire text of the *Libro dei Funerali* on the mummy-case of a Theban scribe in the Turin collection. Dr. Dümichen has copied the greater part of another version of this work from the walls of the largest subterranean tomb in Egypt; and M. Lefébure has transcribed in its entirety that elaborate and magnificently illustrated book in stone, the tomb of Seti I. From these sources, supplemented by the papyrus of a certain Lady Saï, and other texts, M. Maspero has resuscitated the complete ceremonial of the rite called "The Opening of the Mouth"—a simulated operation, half surgical and wholly mystical, which was performed upon the mummy on the day of interment. The main feature of this rite — the supposed separation of the lips of the dead by means of two small instruments—is the subject of some very familiar illustrations in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, and occupies a prominent place in Rossellini's selected scenes from the sepulchre of Seti I.; but the true import of these wall-paintings has till now been misunderstood. Egyptologists have all along supposed that the mouth of the mummy was opened in order to restore the power of speech, and to enable the dead man to "declare the truth." In this notion there was a poetical symbolism which harmonised with our ideas of Egyptian belief and philosophy, and no one dreamed of any other possible interpretation of the ceremony. Prof. Maspero, however, brushes away the poetry and the symbolism together. He shows that the object of the operation was not only purely material, but was a logical sequence of the doctrine and practice of funerary offerings. In a word, having supplied the mummy with "cakes and ale," the survivors were anxious to put it into his power to partake of them; his mouth, therefore, was opened to enable him to eat the good things buried with him in the tomb. The ceremony with which this matter-of-fact rite was performed, the titles of the officiating priests and friends, the vestments they put on and off, the formulae they repeated, and the complicated evolutions they performed, are related by Prof. Maspero with the circumstantiality of an eye-witness. He tells how the mummy (or, under some circumstances, the funerary statue, or *Ka*) was purified, perfumed, oiled, robed, reinvested with his shadow, and finally subjected to the operation of having his eyes and mouth opened, and his jaws loosened. This done, the food-offerings were brought in; the oxen, gazelles, and geese were slaughtered, and their bleeding hearts were presented to the lips of the mummy. The ceremony was supposed to be founded upon the rites performed by Horus for his father Osiris, and it must have taken some hours to perform. The whole thing is highly curious, and opens up an entirely new chapter in the history of the religion of Ancient Egypt.

Not less interesting are the concluding pages of this "Bulletin," in which Prof. Maspero describes the ceremonies attending the consecration of obelisks, and the strange part played in those rites by the puppet-statues of the gods. These statues were so skilfully contrived, that they bowed, moved their arms, and even spoke upon occasion. At one stage of the consecration ceremony, for instance:

> "The arms of the statue were so placed that the right hand of the god rested on the left arm of the king, and seemed to grasp him, while the left arm was bent behind his neck, as if embracing him. On the pyramidion we see the end of the first act of the drama. Amen sits upon his throne. The king, kneeling, turns his back to the god, who places the helmet upon the royal head."

That the ceremonial scenes depicted on the walls of Egyptian temples and tombs are not symbolical, but are literal representations of rites performed by the king and the priests, is a point upon which Prof. Maspero dwells with emphasis. The suggestion is significant, and starts many a train of conjecture. I remember, for example, a fine bit of basrelief in one of the small chambers, north of the sanctuary at Karnak, wherein Thothmes III. is seen embraced by Amen; also a similar subject at Amada, showing the same king embraced by Isis. In both, the curiously angular and wooden position of the arms of the embracing deity exactly resembles the action of a marionette, and, if not so intended, would be unworthy of the serious art of the great sculptors of the XVIIIth Dynasty. Other instances might be cited, as where Hathor presents a necklace to one Pharaoh, and Amen hands the Khopesh scimetar to another. May not all these, and many more, be representations of the puppet business described by Prof. Maspero? One even entertains an uncomfortable suspicion that those heroic groups in which the Pharaoh is so frequently depicted in the act of decapitating a score or two of prisoners in honour of Amen, may after all be simple records of fact.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTRAITS OF GENTILE AND GIOVANNI BELLINI.

London: April 26, 1887.

In the *Athenaeum* of February 20, 1886, I showed cause for thinking that the picture in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, till lately ascribed to Gentile Bellini, and said to represent his brother Giovanni and himself, was a genuine work, and should continue to be ascribed as till within the last few years. I called attention to the fact that the two

people pourtrayed in that work were also seen in the two extreme left-hand figures of Gentile Bellini's undoubted picture of "St. Mark's Sermon," his last and crowning work, now in the Brera; that they were found side by side in Carpaccio's "Dispute of St. Stephen," also in the Brera; and that a strong reminiscence of them was observable in a fresco by Titian, painted in 1511, in the Scuola di S. Antonio at Padua.

I have as yet met with nothing to shake my confidence in the soundness of the conclusion I arrived at; but it has been lately pointed out to me by my friend Mr. T. Ballard that two heads in Marco Marziale's picture of "The Circumcision" in the National Gallery, which bears date 1500, are also strongly suggestive of the two people represented in the Salon Carré picture. These heads are to be found on the right of the central group as one faces the picture, one of them being partly hidden by the hood of the officiating priest. They are those of a yellow-red-haired, fair-complexioned, square-faced man (so far as the face can be seen), with a rather straight nose; and an oval-faced, black-haired, dark-complexioned man, with a nose the bridge of which is decidedly convex. The heads are very badly painted, as are all the others in the picture, and it cannot be pretended that they are comparable to those in the Louvre; nevertheless the onerous conditions on the combined fulfilment of which we may suspect that portraiture of the brothers Bellini is intended are here all complied with—namely, the picture is Venetian, it is painted between the years say 1460 and 1520, and it gives us two men side by side with all the characteristics which we have reason to believe were those of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini.

I should add that Mr. Ballard arrived at the conclusion above stated several years ago, entirely without concert with myself.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. HERKOMER'S portrait of Bishop Stubbs in the Royal Academy has been etched by the artist himself. Messrs. Phillipson & Golder of Chester have purchased the plate, and will shortly publish impressions.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a collection of pictures by Mr. Henry Moore, entitled "Afloat and Ashore"—the outcome of several sailing trips—at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street; a fresh gathering of new works at Mr. McLean's, in the Haymarket, including "Clarissa," by Sir J. E. Millais, and "A Masque of the Last Century," by Mr. Van Haanen; and the annual summer exhibition of the Nineteenth-century Art Society in Conduit Street.

A PAPER on "Coloured Books for Children: Past and Present," illustrated by examples, was read by Mr. Charles Welsh, the Chapman to the Sette of Odd Volumes, at Willis's Rooms on May 6. Mr. Welsh divided his subject into three periods—the early, middle or ante-Crane and Caldecott, and the modern. The first named was represented by the books in which the pictures were coloured by hand, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The middle period by the toy-books with which the market was flooded soon after the invention of steam lithography. The modern period began with the toy-books of Crane and Caldecott, of which a complete series was shown; but the great torrent of coloured books for children did not begin to flow until after 1879, in which year Kate Greenaway's *Under the Window* was published. The productions of each year since that date down to 1886 were shown and classified. Mr. Welsh described, in some detail, the methods of manufacture, exhibiting the original pictures and the proofs in various stages of the development of the picture. He criticised somewhat severely the verses which have disfigured so many of the modern coloured books, and gave some interesting information as to the relative popularity of the various issues. Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. B. Quaritch took part in the discussion which followed.

MR. RUSKIN'S pathetic account of Arthur Burgess—though it will ensure for the present number of the *Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) a large sale—is by no means the only contribution of interest and value which is contained in the same issue of this artistic and unique publication. Mr. Bell Scott, Mr. Mackmurdo, and Mr. Herbert Horne send contributions in prose and verse.

MR. ELIHU VEDDER has gone "home" to America for a short visit, taking with him a large number of oil paintings and drawings for exhibition in New York, Boston, and other cities of the United States. Among the oil paintings are several subjects from the famous "Omar Khâyyâm" series, as "The Fates," "The Last Man," "The Cup of Death," &c. Two magnificent and highly-finished heads of "Samson" and "Dalilah," a head of "Tito" (*Romola*); and a most beautiful group of three heads, entitled "The Sorrowing Soul between Doubt and Faith," must be especially noted among the new subjects. Mr. Vedder's exhibition has been received with enthusiasm in New York, and the pictures are commanding high prices.

THE STAGE.

"THE RED LAMP" AND MR. IRVING'S REVIVALS.

THE first thing that is clear, the first general impression arrived at, through the performance of "The Red Lamp," is that to the London managements another management has been added of the studious, careful, painstaking, tasteful sort, still by no means common. Mr. Beerbohm Tree—if he was to succeed at the comedy—was determined, it is plain, to succeed by a liberal expenditure of everything that is rarer than money. Accordingly, "The Red Lamp" is mounted effectively, has been rehearsed with intelligence and labour by people peculiarly well chosen to fill the parts they are called on to occupy, and is now acted, nightly, with such a regard to expressive and revealing finish in gesture, tone, and grouping, as is very seldom indeed to be seen in any London playhouse. An entirely artistic intelligence has presided over this thing. The piece is thoroughly worth seeing; not because it is faultless—for faultless it is not—but because, along with its faults, it has merits, and the immense merit, among them, of having had everything that was possible done to ensure its success. The daily papers have, once for all, discharged the function of telling its story. Let it only be recalled that it is a story of Nihilist conspiracy, people's sympathies being enlisted on behalf of a good woman, who is wrongly suspected of conspiracy, on behalf of many worthy folk, on behalf of the Czar, and most especially on behalf of the efforts of an elderly chief of the Secret Police to thwart the plotters, with the exercise of much resource and ingenuity, and to be extremely amusing *par dessus le marché*. A serious and engrossing love-interest is therefore denied to the play, and —amusing as it is very often—so also is the interest of quite sustained comedy of necessity denied to it. The piece has something in common with a one-part piece. If Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or some "character-actor" of equally exceptional power, were not there to give vitality and curious truth to the *rôle* of the chief of the police, we doubt if "The Red Lamp" could be secure of a long run. Mr. Tree—made up, it is said, rather like a Pellegrini portrait of Baron Brunnow—neglects no single touch that can make the character intimately known to us. But he is admirably seconded in parts by no means unimportant. Lady Monckton, as the sister of a very well-born conspirator, has several passages of real emotional force, rendered with the originality of method which tells of extraordinary intelligence, and of familiar study. The moment in which she first hears that her brother is a conspirator is a moment to witness; and it is only the earliest of several remarkable effects. Miss Marion Terry contrives to make an excellent impression in a part that has few words. Hers is indeed the love interest. She shares it with Mr. Sugden, whose quietude and charm were never better displayed; but it is by the dramatist that this love interest is strangely attenuated. Miss Rosina Filippi plays a scene with Mr. Tree, the curious delicacy of which—in the hands of both performers—no one will forget. She is a *soubrette*—a *soubrette* wholly without a conscience. Not so much, therefore a *soubrette* of Molière as a *soubrette* of Sheridan—a Lucy of "The Rivals," played, presumably, with the vivacity of French, and the subtlety of Italian, blood. Mr. Brookfield is a skilled and accepted actor, who, in this piece, is but poorly supplied with a part. Miss Terry's part may be small, but it is not unsympathetic. Mr. Brookfield's exhibitions of jealousy of his wife and loyalty to his Czar are, somehow, not those at all which can increase his reputation. Mr. Cautley, as Prince Alexis—the conspirator of noble or of royal birth—is somewhat uncertain. But, on the whole, as has been said, the parts, great and small, are filled by people who have known curiously well how to make them their own. One of the makers of the mine even—a mere subordinate, with, perhaps, a dozen lines, at most, to say—Mr. Frederick Harrison—has an air of strange reality. The play is imperfect; but it is a play of promise. The performance of it is well-nigh complete, and its unusual approach to completeness is the happiest augury for the new management.

"Faust" has all but disappeared from the Lyceum; and Mr. Irving has entered upon a series of revivals, the first of which has been that of "The Bells," while the second will be that of "The Merchant of Venice." It is a step on which he is heartily to be congratulated. The wisdom of it has been already proved. Artistically, indeed, this course had begun to be wanted, for in "Faust," to some playgoers, the cleverness of the performance had come to be overshadowed by the gorgeousness of the spectacle. It was desirable that we should see again something of the variety and range of Mr. Irving's art. And "The Bells" he has just now been playing with the whole of the old fascination, though with somewhat altered effects. If in removing wisely a portion of the horror he has removed also a portion of the weirdness of the death scene, he has added, perhaps, to the always remarkable reality of the pantomime in the scene of the vision, and has certainly added to the charm of tenderness in Mathias's dealings with his child. In this last matter Miss Winifred Emery—who, in parts of this kind, is as satisfactory as she is engaging—seconds Mr. Irving excellently. Mr. Alexander is a manly Christian, who, it may be presumed, knows or suspects much, but holds his own counsel. Familiarity with the piece, and the chief performer's utter familiarity with his part, combine to increase one's respect for this "psychological drama." In days before Mr. Henry James had dissected the souls of the insignificant and M. Zola those of the disagreeable, people were disposed to laugh a

little at the drama—not at the performer of it, but at the drama that should be "psychological." We are trained to the matter now; yet no analysis can equal in directness and force that which is afforded by Mr. Irving's own acting in a piece upon which, whatever its merits, it is really his art that has bestowed vitality. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MISS BERTHA MOORE'S and Mr. Ernest Pertwee's evening of music and recitation at the Steinway Hall on Thursday week was one of the most refined entertainments one could possibly wish. Mr. Pertwee's powers in dramatic recitation are less known in London than in some of the chief towns of the provinces—in Liverpool and Brighton, for example; but he will come to the front, quite certainly, in the metropolis, if a delicate appreciation of comedy and a taste in pathos quietly fine are valued, as we suppose them to be, by the London public. Perhaps Mr. Pertwee did not, in his recitation of Macaulay's "Virginia," show all the force, and all the light and shade—it is mostly shade, however—of which this piece is capable. But his sense of comedy was displayed in a scene from "Henry V.," and in a recitation of some prose monologue by an almost unknown writer; while his command of style and earnestness and high seriousness in a great thing in literature were shown very pleasantly and conclusively in the scene in which Hamlet remonstrates with his mother. Miss Bertha Moore's singing is that of one who to the first of qualifications—a good and sympathetic voice—adds the second qualification, a charm of style. With the greatest possible simplicity of manner, Miss Bertha Moore—in a programme notable for its well-chosen variety—gave evidence of the possession of a most accomplished and delightful art.

THE performance of "Werner," for the benefit of Dr. Westland Marston, has been appointed to take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 1, Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry taking the two principal parts. A most influential attendance is confidently counted on.

MR. FRANK LINDO had a good audience at his dramatic recital last Friday week, and the applause was well bestowed on more than one Shaksperean selection—on a scene from "The Rivals," in which he contrived to produce almost the illusion that we were witnessing a performance done upon the stage; and on the extremely dramatic and telling narrative by Mr. F. Desprez, known under the somewhat unworthy title of "The C'rrect Card." Mr. Lindo was wonderfully successful in these things, and they were much appreciated. Miss Alice Farren and Mr. Hayden Coffin sang charmingly.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A SERIES of Wind Instrument Chamber Concerts at the Royal Academy of Music commenced on Friday, April 22. The production of "Leila" on that evening, however, prevented us from noticing a new and interesting scheme. Concerted music for wind and strings or wholly wind is the exception rather than the rule at the Popular Concerts; and these Academy concerts are bringing before the public works which, to say the least, deserve a hearing. On the second evening—Friday, May 6—for example, a Quintett for Flute, Hautboy, Clarionet, Horn, and Bassoon, by Onslow (Op. 81), was performed which has not been played at the Popular Concerts; and, if given at all in London, it must have been a long while ago. The various instruments are effectively treated, and the first two movements are really charming. The other special feature of the programme was Spohr's Quintett for Pianoforte, Flute, Clarionet, Horn, and Bassoon (Op. 52). This work was recently heard at St. James's Hall, but only in arranged form—for piano and strings. It was, of course, no sin to give this transcription, seeing that it was made by the composer himself; but the colouring of the various wind instruments imparts a certain interest to music which *per se* is chiefly remarkable for the opportunities it affords to well-trained pianists of distinguishing themselves. Miss Dora Bright was the pianist; and in this Quintett, as also in a showy Sonata for Flute and Piano by Kuhlau, played exceedingly well. Miss Julia Neilson—a pupil of Signor Randegger—sang with taste and feeling an air by Lachner, and two songs by Sir G. Macfarren, with Clarionet Obbligato. The wind players were Messrs. Svendsen, Horton, Lazarus, Mann and Wotton. The ensemble playing was, on the whole, good.

The "Golden Legend" was performed at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon in the central transept, with chorus and orchestra numbering 3,500, and with Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Foli, and Vaughan-Edwards as solo vocalists. The body of tone of the immense choir was exceedingly fine, and the Prologue, the "Evening Hymn" and the Epilogue, were most effective. Of course, the work does not demand so large a body of singers; and, again, the solos can be heard to greater advantage in an ordinary concert hall. But it may be urged, on the other hand, that Sir Arthur Sullivan has written such plain diatonic music for the chorus that, like Handel's, it will bear any increase of numbers. Moreover, the solo singing was remarkably clear and distinct. The intricate orchestration suffered most. There were moments when the exercise of a little imagination was needed. The performance was conducted by Mr. A. Manns, who throughout showed great ability and earnestness. The shortcomings in the orchestra of which we speak were due to the place, and not to the players or the conductor. There was an audience of 20,000 persons. At the close of the performance there were loud calls for the composer. His warm reception at Sydenham will help him to forget the critical coldness which he lately experienced at Berlin.

On Monday evening last Herr Richter gave his second concert. There was one novelty in the programme, which may be briefly discussed. This was the Vorspiel to C. Goldmark's opera, "Merlin," produced at Vienna last November, and since performed in Hamburg and Dresden. "The prelude," says the annotator, "doubtless has its poetic meaning;" and, accordingly, he proceeds to try and give a clue. Of course he discovers a "Merlin" motive, and also one for the "wily" Vivien; but with these words he leaves the music to speak for itself. The music is clever, but thoroughly Wagnerish in tone and colour. It might easily be mistaken for Wagner by anyone whose acquaintance with that master's works was not very deep, even as blind Isaac of old was deceived by Esau decked in goats' skins. Mr. Santley gave a fine rendering of Wotan's "Abschied." At first his voice was a little husky, but he soon got right, and sang splendidly. The performance of Berlioz's "Harold en Italie" symphony was an immense treat. Herr Richter, as a rule, gives good performances; but every now and then comes one requiring a special superlative. The "Harold" was a case in point. The "Pilgrim's March" and the "Serenade"—two of Berlioz's most successful tone-pictures—are nothing without refined playing and sympathetic conducting and everything with them. The viola solo part was effectively rendered by Mr. Krause. The programme included Dr. Mackenzie's pleasing intermezzo, "On the Waters" from his "Jason," and Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture; both admirably interpreted.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

"NORDISA" was played for the second time at Drury Lane last Saturday evening. The opera went better than on the previous Wednesday, and was well received by a full house. At the third performance, on Tuesday, Miss Fanny Moody took the part of Nordisa, and sang with success. Miss M. Decca was less satisfactory as Minna; and Mr. Scovel sang much the same as at Liverpool. On Wednesday, the charming opera, "Mignon," was given; and, with Miss Julia Gaylord in the title-*rôle*, Miss G. Burns as Filina, Miss Burton as Frederick, and Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Celli, and Esmond in their accustomed parts, everything went smoothly, and the performance gave much satisfaction. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted with his usual efficiency.

MDME. FRICKENHAUS and Herr J. Ludwig commenced a series of chamber concerts at the Prince's Hall last Saturday. The music consisted of a Pianoforte Quartett by Kiel, a Suite for piano and violin by Bargiel, and Beethoven's String Quartett (Op. 95). At the second concert, this evening, Brahms' new Sonata in A for piano and violin (Op. 100) will be performed for the first time in England.

MR. CHARLES WADE gave his second chamber concert at the Grosvenor Gallery on Wednesday evening. The programme included the interesting Sonata in F for piano and violin of Grieg, and Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio (Op. 97). Herr Hegyesi's artistic playing was heard, but not to advantage, in a dull violoncello solo by Romberg. Herr Schönberger was the pianist. The double attraction of music and pictures drew a good audience.